

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

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PORTSMOUTH, N. H., FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 1900.

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MANUFACTURING CONCERNS.

They Will Receive Especial Attention by the Census Department.

The statistics of the manufacturing and mechanical industries of the twelfth census will form one of the most important and interesting departments of that stupendous undertaking of the national government.

In rural districts and small towns these statistics will be collected by the enumerators while engaged in counting the population and collecting the statistics of agriculture. But the cities and larger towns of importance as manufacturing centers have been withdrawn from the jurisdiction of enumerators, and the collection of these statistics of manufactures and the mechanical industries in these cities and towns has been placed under the supervision of chief special agents.

For New Hampshire, Col. W. H. Stinson of Danbury is in charge, his experience of nearly seven years under Colonel Wright in the field work of the national department of labor especially recommending him for the work.

Colonel Stinson says that in this state the following towns and cities have been withdrawn from the care of the enumerators and placed under his supervision, for the collection of manufacturing statistics: Manchester, Concord, Pembroke, Pittsfield, Dover, Farmington, Rochester, Somersworth, Derry, Milford, Nashua, Laconia, Tilton, Keene, Winchester, Claremont, Newport, Berlin, Lancaster, Greenville, Exeter, Newmarket, Portsmouth, Franklin, Lebanon, Littleton, Haverhill, Peterborough, and Wolfeborough.

These are classed in fourteen districts with twenty two special agents to be commissioned for the canvass. All appointments are made at Washington, Mr. Stinson only having the power to recommend. A list of the agents appointed for the special work will be published as soon as the appointees have executed their oath of office. In speaking of the duties of these men Colonel Stinson said:

"It will be their duty, after being qualified, to visit every factory, mill, shop or other establishment in their assignment, in which any manufacturing of mechanical industry is carried on, and to obtain through inquiry all the information called for in the questions contained on their blanks. The information gained by a special agent can not be disclosed to any person not authorized to receive it under a penalty of \$500. Everything is strictly confidential and will be used only for purposes of tabulation, to show the aggregates in the many departments of industry, and nothing will be published in census reports or otherwise that will disclose or identify individual or establishment.

"Special schedules have been prepared for the following manufacturing industries peculiar to our state: Brick, cotton, printing and dyeing, woolen, hosiery and knit goods, silk, leather tanned and curried, boots and shoes, lumber and saw mills, agricultural implements, carriages and wagons, flour and grist mills, butter and cheese and condensed milk, paper mills, printing and publishing, and railroad repair shops, while that would be styled as general (schedule No. 3, applies to almost numberless classes of smaller concerns, shops, mills, etc.

"Under this head will come black smithing, boot and shoe custom making and repairing, planing mills, saw door and blind factories, bottling works, cabinet making, carpentering, contracting and building, dress making, dyeing and cleansing, photography, plumbing and gas fitting, printing, saddlery and harness making and repairing, stone cutting, tailoring, tin-smithing, upholstering, watch, clock and jewelry repairing, wheelwrighting, etc., etc.

"City, town and state pride should prompt every manufacturer visited to furnish the information asked without hesitation for everything is strictly confidential."

Colonel Stinson says that the plans for the work are well in hand and he expects the field work of the agents for the industrial canvass will be completed by June 30.

WATER FRONT NEWS.

Arrived June 1.—Schooner George A. Lawry, Perth Amboy with coal for Dover; tug Lazare, Boston, for barges for coal port.

Sailed, June 1.—Tug (Piscataqua and schooner Estella and Wilson & Willard, for Boston; Jennie Greenbank, east.

HERE AND THERE.

The birds seem unusually tame this year, in building their nests. Many cases are reported where they have selected the sheltered nook of some residence to begin their work. One man has entered the complaint that it is useless for him to try to think of tying up his vines yet, with strings, as the birds are totally unconscious of private ownership and carry off the twine without any hesitation.

One lady of this city obtained good results by putting warm water on her lily of the valley buds. The buds were just started, but seemed very slow in blossoming out. The warm water did the work, however, and the beautiful flowers made their appearance before Memorial day.

"The Memorial flower trade was about the largest ever known in this city," said a local florist. "My stock ran out and I could not fill all my orders, although I had put in what I thought would prove a sufficient supply, in anticipation of the extra large demand. The stock was unusually good for the season. The call was principally for pinks and roses and a great number of tulips was also used."

When any of the young men or women who have been appointed census enumerators come up, with a smile that is winning, and ring your door bell and announce that they are enumerators for the census of 1900, if you have the slightest hesitation in accepting their word for it, just ask them to show you the official emblem of their authority. If they are really Uncle Sam's agents, they will display a silver badge that is a pattern of neatness in design. This confers upon them all the powers of an officer of the United States government and they are entitled to all due respect. When their labors are over, Uncle Sam generously is going to allow them to keep the badge as a souvenir.

MAINE NOTES.

Several persons were injured in a collision of electric cars at Dean's Hill, Biddeford on Memorial day.

Peter Martin of Biddeford was stabbed by two of the boarders at his mother-in-law's on Tuesday evening and is in a critical condition. The man was trying to take his child from the place when the boarders were called to resist the attempt. The assailants were locked up.

A. J. Carll of Saco is suffering from what is thought to be hydrophobia. He was bitten by his shepherd dog.

The vault of the South Berwick National bank has been opened by the experts. The door had to be taken off in sections.

The body of John Salabour was found floating in the Little Androscoggin, in New Auburn, on Thursday morning. He had evidently committed suicide.

The Spanish-American war veterans went to Kennebunk on Memorial day forenoon, and decorated the grave of Private Perkins, who died at Chickamauga.

The following students have taken the examination for admittance to the Maine bar: Fred A. Hobbs, Alfred; Miss Belle Ashton, Sanford; John G. Smith, Kennebunk; Herbert H. Hookbert, Portland; Carlos C. Hoard, Biddeford; William H. Waterhouse, Oldtown; Albert W. Hunt, Sanford.

Uriah A. Caine, G. C. T., of the Maine Good Templars, organized a lodge at Pine Point Monday night.

The Peak's Island and Steamboat Amusement company has been organized at Portland for the purpose of running a five-cent boat to Peak's Island during the coming summer.

"A PENNY SAVED IS A PENNY EARNED."

Economy is the lesson taught by this saying. It is true economy to take Hood's Sarsaparilla at this season because it purifies the blood and vitalizes the blood and thus prevents sickness, and puts the whole system in a state of health for the coming season. Every bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla contains 100 doses—positive proof that it is economy to take only Hood's.

Constipation is cured by Hood's Pills.

It's folly to suffer from that horrible plague of the night, itching piles. Doan's Ointment cures quickly and permanently. At any drug store, 50 cents.

STATE NEWS.

Items of Interest to People in This Part of New Hampshire.

Otis Starkweather was held at Concord for the alleged poisoning of cattle belonging to George A. Hoyt of East Pembroke. A number of witnesses were also held. It is alleged that Starkweather fed the cattle with red paint.

Manchester firemen have had their hands full with brush fires. They worked four hours at one fire on Thursday afternoon and saved considerable property.

The funeral of John Holland of Dover was held on Thursday and the body has been taken to Taunton, Mass., for burial.

Governor Rollins has been invited to participate in the dedicatory exercises of the new capital building at New Mexico on June 4.

Mrs. Grace Palmer of Plymouth, who was severely burned Wednesday morning, died Thursday evening. The funeral took place Friday morning.

Exeter is very shortly to receive a visit from Admiral William A. Sampson.

Rev. C. L. White, formerly pastor of the First Baptist church of Nashua, and recently elected secretary of the New Hampshire Baptist conference, has left for Hampton beach, where he will spend the summer. He has not yet decided where he will locate permanently.

At noon Thursday, the police of Auburn locked up Michael O'Dee and Patrick Joyce, who were under the influence of liquor. Mel Hall and Frank Gilbert are wearing the blue this year O'Dee has a suspended sentence of six months hanging over him which he received at Portsmouth almost a year ago because of the mixup in the assault on Policeman Gilbert, at the same time Scotty Coyne was shot.

Herbert Henson, a brother of the Rev. C. R. Henson of Manchester and formerly a student at St. Anselm's college, but now of the Catholic University of Washington, will be ordered to the priesthood at St. Joseph's cathedral in Manchester on June 9. Several other seminarians will also be ordained.

Miss Clara B. Howard of Manchester who had her hand severely injured in a laundry on Tuesday had four of her fingers removed at the Eliot hospital.

Bidding During a Foot Race.

A singular custom has been practiced every Easter at Bourne, in Lincolnshire, since the year 1770, when an old gentleman, Richard Clay, died and left a piece of land the rent of which was to be laid out in bread for the local inhabitants.

The meadow is let from year to year in a curious manner. An auctioneer attends and starts a number of boys running a fixed distance. Then, as soon as they have set off, he asks the people who wish to rent the field to commence bidding.

Bids can be made only while the boys are running, and as the time occupied by the journey is limited the bidding becomes very keen and exciting. At last the boys get back, down goes the hammer, and the last bidder is declared the lessee.—Stray Stories.

Birds and Alcohol.

Some years ago an article went the rounds of the newspapers telling of a man catching a flock of crows by soaking corn in alcohol and leaving it for the crows to eat, and when they became drunk he caught them. I tried bread crumbs soaked in whisky on English sparrows, but they would not eat them, and I finally got a crow, and though I kept him until he was very hungry, I could not get him to eat corn soaked in whisky, and he found no difficulty in picking up every unsoaked kernel and leaving the others. You may draw your own moral, but I am satisfied that the crow will not eat food saturated with alcohol. He is either too uncivilized or too intelligent.—Popular Science Monthly.

All in a Heap.

Three Irishmen were crossing the bridge of Cork, and one of them, happening to look over the parapet, felt a strong desire to touch the water. But they could not see how it was to be done. At last it was suggested that by hanging on to the feet of each other they might accomplish what they desired. They made the attempt, but found that their combined length was not sufficient to reach the water. Then the one at the top cried to the undermost, "Arrah now, Paddy, hold on till I come down to you, and then, my honey, we shall reach it!" And they did.

Hard Money.

City Niece—This is my husband's collection of old coins. I don't think you have seen it before.

Uncle Josh—Gee whiz! How in the world did he ever get stuck on all them?—Brooklyn Life.

Hallstones have been found in temperate climates measuring as much as 15 inches in diameter. In torrid regions masses of 100 pounds have been found.

If a man is unlucky, it worries him, and if he is lucky then he worries because he is afraid his luck will change.—Chicago News.

HUB OF THE WORLD'S TELEGRAPH.

Sixty Telegraph Companies Have a Clearing House at Bern.

Although thousands of miles of line were in operation before 1845, the world telegraph, as it exists today dates from that time and from a convention held in Paris to adopt regulations for international telegraphic operations. Previously in sending a message from one country to another delays were encountered which made the telegraph little more expeditious than the post. In traveling across Europe a message not only occupied an exasperating amount of time, but also accumulated an appalling list of charges reckoned in different kinds of money for each country it had passed through. These charges could not be paid in advance because the amount of them was not known at the point from which the message was sent. It may be imagined that under such conditions the telegraph was not generally employed in transacting business.

From the point of view of the private citizen, the most important work done by the Paris convention was to arrange a uniform schedule of telegraphic rates and to provide that messages might be sent in code or secret language if desired. Arrangements were likewise made for the more rapid transmission of international messages.

As a result of the work of this and succeeding conventions we have the marvelously intricate yet simple system of sending telegraphic messages which prevails today. It is possible now to send a message from any village that can boast a telegraph office to any other point in the world that is reached by the far spreading maze of wires. Moreover, the sender may feel assured that his message will go forward quickly, and it requires but a moment for the clerk to inform him as to its exact cost.

Considering that the ownership of the various telegraph and cable lines of the world is divided between nearly 40 different governments and half that number of private companies, this is a highly interesting example of business centralization. It has been brought about through the establishment of the international bureau of telegraphs at Bern, Switzerland. This bureau codified the charges of the many different countries subscribing to the union, using the franc as a basis for all rates. It has brought about many other changes calculated to extend and improve the telegraph business, including the compilation of a great dictionary or international telegraphic code containing some 300,000 terms taken from almost every language in existence.—Ainslee's Magazine.

THEY BEEM TO SHRINK.

A Striking Peculiarity of Victims of Sudden Deaths.

"Did you ever see a man die?" asked a man who has traveled much. "I don't mean by that die a natural death in his bed, but suddenly, as the result of either accident or intent. It has been my ill fortune to witness such an ending to man's estate in life, and the first time it occurred was when I was a small boy.

"I was coming down a street which ran past one of our principal hotels. A man on a stepladder was cleaning the old fashioned electric light in front of the entrance, and in some way he received the current, and it killed him before he could fall. I was quite a distance away at the time, but owing to the man's position on the stepladder raising him above the heads of the intervening crowd I had a perfectly plain view of the accident.

"The second time I witnessed an accidental death was that of a man jumping from a runaway express wagon. He must have been simply wild with fear, for he ran to the tailboard and deliberately jumped out facing the direction opposite to that in which the wagon was going at the time. He went over, striking full on his head on the hard roadway and lived only a few moments afterward. I also saw a man shot to death while I was at Manila. He attacked one of our sentries with a knife, but the soldier was too quick for him and killed him with his revolver.

"The one thing that struck me in all these sudden deaths was the way in which the victims seemingly shrunk in size. One moment there would be a man in the full tide of life, with good or ill fitting clothing, as the case might be, but in any case filling it out, and the next moment there would be a huddled pile of clothing, apparently just as it might have been thrown to the ground by some careless hand. The man inside seemed to have little to do with it; he looked by comparison as much too small for it that it might have simply been thrown over him. I have seen a number of men knocked senseless, and in each and every case I have always observed the same phenomenon."—New York Tribune.

THE GARRET—ANCIENT, MODERN.

It Is No Longer Literature's Stereotype House or the Den of Genius.

One of the instances illustrating that the fashion of the world changeth is in the new estimate set by those who build houses on the garret. In modern houses the garret is made much of and is as carefully finished off as any of the rooms in the house, while in the old time the garret was the unfinished part of the house, the remainder. It was the farthest from the living and grand rooms of the house. In tenement houses it was the cheapest part of the house unless the cellar or basement be excepted.

The garret in private houses was the receptacle of things worn, wasted and retired from active service. It was a refuge for human creatures who might come under the head of disused and left. Yet it was in those poor and ancient days of the garret that it made its great name, for associated in the garret were poverty and genius. In the days of Pope authorship became closely linked with the garret. Dr. Johnson, Dick Steele and Goldsmith had their garret days in Grub street, and the "high living" associated with "high thinking" existed in other days and other capitals, else the world would not have known Ben Jonson and his song of "The Garret," with its melodious refrain of "give me my garret and my twenty years."

The garret in the city will be found spoken of in literature generally as associated with poverty, sometimes with crime; but not so in the country. The garret of the village and of the farm is another sort of place. This has no dark or sordid or painful memories. It was rude and unfinished—one large room, divided only by such partitions as might be made of carpeting and the like—but it was not associated with privation. Boys who slept in garrets slept well, even though the stars shone through the roof and in winter the vagrant snow sifted through on the counterpane. The sleepers in the garret had the great advantage of hearing the music of the rain on the roof, supported by the heavy bass of the thunder.

The rural garret was the storehouse of things past, the place where the relics of the last generation were hid away. To children—the latest comers in the world—it was therefore a Herculaneum or Pompeii or even a longer secreted Troy. In it were the uniforms of the militia which long ago crossed a stream darker than Washington's Delaware; dresses short in waist and narrow and long in skirt, and even "bruised arms" were hung up there. Books which had lost their covers and interest to a former generation were consigned to garrets, to be read again with glowing or filling eyes by young discoverers.

The garret has lost its old tenants, the authors. They have descended to the first floor and the front room. Perhaps they are not as near heaven now as in the former days. Literature has grown a greater and more profitable trade. The change is a good one, but somehow greater names do not rise than those made famous of yore in close proximity to the rafters. The old garret, however, in memory grows a brighter place than it was in fact. Some garrets fill up with a golden glow.—Kansas City Star.

When Joubert Joked.

A London journalist has an amusing reminiscence of the late General Joubert upon the occasion of the dinner in his honor at the Hotel Metropole in December, 1890. The press man referred to, representing one of the London dailies, was about to enter the hotel when he met a colleague hurrying in another direction, who asked him if he was going to the dinner. "Yes," he replied indignantly, "and a pretty report I am likely to turn out. I am told that this old duffer Joubert will either speak in Dutch or in such fearful English that no one can understand him. It will have to be translated."

When Joubert, who, of course, spoke excellent English, had finished his speech, the reporter was not a little dismayed to receive from one of the waiters a note upon which was written, "General Joubert will be pleased to supply a translation of his speech if necessary."

The Boer general had been passing and had overheard the uncomplimentary reference to his English.—London Echo.

Hopeless.

Tilton—There goes Dumleigh. I should like to tell him what I think of him, the ass!

Felton—Then why don't you?
Tilton—What's the use? Dumleigh is such an ass that you never could convince him that he is one.—Boston Transcript.

His Ignorance.

"I understand you were well off before you married," said the lawyer.

"Yes," replied the witness; "but, like a fool, I didn't know it."—Green Bay

UP-TO-DATE BOOTS AND OXFORDS

DUNCAN'S,
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Our **OXFORDS** are the handsomest, easiest, coolest and most up-to-date shoes made.

An inspection will convince any man or woman that we are justified in saying we have the finest and most fashionable leathers, most correct and latest shapes. All prices from \$1.25 to \$5.00.

HIS LIFE IN THE MEXICAN WAR.

A WEST POINT BOY WHO BECAME CHIEF OF THE NAVAJOES.

The Story of "Bison" McLean, His Disappearance From the Military Academy and the Part He Played Among the Indians.

"Bison" McLean was sent to the Military Academy at West Point from southwest Missouri. The class he joined has become famous for the names of several of its members. The name "Bison" was given him by George B. McChesney because of McLean's long black hair and immense size. The Missouriian was a poor student in his classes, and that he managed to stay at the academy for three years at all was on account of his superiority in riding and drill work. His life in the south was a life of dreams, and no cader at the Point could equal his records on the target range. He was not a popular man, for, in addition to being dull, he had a sullen temper and moments of unbecoming passion. One cold, bitter winter night he disappeared. With one exception, this was the last time any of his classmates saw "Bison" McLean. His skates were missing, and so a search was made for him in the river. His family saw that a search was made for him in New York. The books of the academy recorded him missing, and he was forgotten in the preparations for the war with Mexico.

The war was fought and ended. The tide of emigration to the west following the opening of the new territory and the discovery of gold in California made new duties for the army. It was necessary for emigrants to travel in great wagon trains for their mutual protection, and the hussars were busy lending them their aid or avenging their wrongs. Garrisons were placed at Santa Fe and at several points in the southwest to keep the Indians off the trails passing through the Indian Mount gap. General W. S. Harney was in command of these forces and had such men as Kit Carson in his employ as scouts. Major Sumner, afterward a major general, was General Harney's right hand man. Early in the fall of 1875 he was sent on a scout with three troops of dragoons through the Datil and Tularosa ranges. While he was mounting a rise in the Datils the dragoons came suddenly on a band of 800 Navajo Indians. The American troops prepared to fight, but the Indians halted and raised their hands with the open palm of peace. They explained that they were after Apaches, with whom they were then enjoying one of their predatory wars. Then a remarkable thing happened. The chief rode out from the band and, facing them, gave a sharp command. The braves followed in troops of about 100 each and marched past at a parade. The command of Major Sumner seemed to please the chief, for he gave another command. The Indians turned sharply, changed from line into column and then back into line. Another sharp order, and they advanced in line by the entire command.

"Where in thunder did you get all this?" cried Major Sumner. "We've four times this many drilled braves," the chief replied, and, dropping a little venom, "we'll use them, too, perhaps when it comes to fighting the whites. We have a great war chief who has taught us these things."

He raised his hand as a signal, and the Indians moved over the hill and disappeared. Major Sumner made an official report of the incident. He did not forget to tell, in addition to the foregoing, that the Navajos he had seen were armed with American rifles and pieces of Mexican manufacture. Jefferson Davis was then secretary of war. He had seen enough of the southwest in his experiences in the Mexican war to know how extraordinary it was that Indians should adopt a civilized method of warfare. He ordered a report in detail and called for as complete an investigation as possible under the circumstances. There was little more learned further than this—that the drill resembled that of the American dragoons and was not at all like the Mexican tactics. No white man had seen the war chief, though one of Kit Carson's scouts declared that he had. The chief was not a Mexican, he said, and was a Navajo of remarkable physique and rode like a dragon and not like an Indian. Nothing more than these few facts could Secretary Davis gather.

It was nearly ten years later that Joseph C. Ives was sent at the head of an expedition to survey the Colorado river. A troop of dragoons was detailed as the guard for his party. Ives had been at West Point and had been transferred to the topographical survey. While up in the mountains on the east of where now the town of Green River is the Indian guides became uneasy and reported that they were spied upon by some redskin scouts, to whom they could not approach close enough to learn their tribe. Guards were more carefully placed. One morning the relief of one of the outer pickets found the man shot through the heart by an arrow.

"There's an Indian chief on the guard line, and he's asked to see you," the scout said to the commanding officer, "Ives replied, 'I'm not in charge of the escort.'"

"No," but the Indian asked for you, sir, and by name."

"Well, that's strange. How does he know me? Bring him up. But if he has any others with him keep them out of camp."

A few minutes later the corporal returned with the chief, who was a marvelous figure for even a Navajo. He was very tall and straight and muscled like an athlete. A guide was called to act as interpreter.

"I guess we don't need that fellow," the chief remarked as the guide came up. The officers had gathered at Ives' tent, and their mouths fell open in amazement as they heard him speak, for his English was pure and without a flaw of accent. The Navajo sat down on a camp stool in a self possessed way and looked the group of men over quietly.

"Have you any spare tobacco, Ives?" he asked. The tobacco was found for him, and an order was dispatched to an officer's tent for the bottle that, because of the inaccessibility to civilization, had been nursed lovingly and held for extraordinary occasion.

"How does it come, Ives, you're not wearing the uniform? You don't fall down at the Point, did you?" "Great Scott, what do you know about the Point?" cried the astonished Ives. But the chief only smiled and went on talking about the Point and the men who were there 15 years before. His familiarity with the army ended there, for he asked hungrily about these few men and how they had done in the Mexican war. He was surprised to learn how well their fortunes had prospered. For two hours the officers stared at this great brown Indian and searched their memories in vain efforts to place him.

"You may be pleased to learn that it had been arranged to kill your party off, Ives, but I recognized you yesterday while you were prowling around the hills, and we'll declare the killing off for old times' sake. I've enough braves within a mile of you to ride you all down in an hour," the Navajo said as he rose to go. "But you in thunder are you?" Ives cried. "You seem to know me, but I've never for the life of me recall you."

"Don't you remember McLean, who was in your class at West Point?" the chief asked. "What," "Bison" McLean—who was drowned?" "Yes, I'm 'Bison'."

There is no record of any other instance of magnanimity on the part of "Bison" McLean. Only an occasional trapper, with the exception of Indians, saw him after that. His history thereafter is as mysterious as that which had connected itself with him when he was only the great Navajo war chief. How he left the Point and joined the Indians and why no one knows to this day. The retreat of Chief Joseph and his Nez Perces from New Mexico to the lava fields in the war of 1877, one of the most remarkable in all military history for its strategy, is credited by army officers to the generalship of "Bison" McLean. It is not doubted that he is now dead, but when and where did he die? No one knows and probably never will.—Kansas City Star.

THE TRICK OF A THIEF.

How He Mastered the Secret of Opening a Money Drawer.

"The term 'sneak thief,'" said an old detective, yarn spinning the other night, "is generally applied, in the papers, to any kind of small fry pilferer, but among crooks themselves it is used to describe one certain species of criminal, who rarely goes outside of his own particular specialty. Sneaks, as they are called for short, generally work in pairs. One goes into a store and engages the attention of whoever is on duty, while the other slips in and robs the till or the safe. Some of the scoundrels get wonderfully adroit at it."

I remember a peculiar case of sneaking that occurred in the old quarter some years ago at a small shop run by an eccentric Frenchman. He kept his money in a patent till that had ten little levers or keys underneath the drawer. In order to open it three of them had to be pressed at the same time, and the chance of striking the right three, unless you knew the combination, was of course very remote. If the wrong keys were pressed, a gong immediately sounded an alarm, and the Frenchman thought he had a contrivance that was absolutely thief proof.

"One day a smooth tongued chap strolled in and held him in conversation for a few moments at the rear of the store, pretending to examine some goods. After he left the old man was dumfounded to find the till wide open and empty. It had been 'sneaked' while he was talking, and the gong had failed to sound. Two days later the thieves were arrested, and the Frenchman went to see them. He called aside the one who had done the actual robbing and promised to let up on the prosecution if he'd tell him how he got the drawer open without ringing the bell. 'Easy enough,' said the thief. 'I pushed the right keys.'"

"But how did you know them?" asked the Frenchman. "The crook pulled out a small pocket mirror. 'See this glass?' he said. 'Well, I held it under the drawer a moment and saw by the reflection which keys were dirty and which were clean. Of course the three dirty ones were the ones you used.'"

"After that the old man washed his hands off the matter,"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

No Colored Hoboes. "Why is it that there are no colored hobo beggars?" asks a Philadelphia politician. "Don't know why it is, but it's a fact just the same. I've been on the force now for going on six years, and I've got the first colored man to catch asking people for a few pennies to help get something to eat, mister.' In that time, too, I suppose I've arrested or chased away about 1,000 white men and boys for doing it. Colored folks are considered improvident as a class, but somehow or other they never seem to get so poor that they have to beg on the streets, unless blind or crippled—the men I'm talking about. Ever noticed it yourself?"

HER DAD UNDERSTOOD.

He Proved Himself a Worthy Ally of His Favorite Daughter.

When a girl is a favorite daughter and a sweet, winsome girl in addition, she is morally certain to capture the "dint," paternal heart, no matter how the rest of the household may array itself in the controversy.

This Piety Hill family is rich, influential and free from the weaknesses of the parvenu. The daughter in question has an admirer who pleases her, and that is the main thing. But she is the only one in the whole domestic circle who is under the spell of his attraction. He is a fine fellow, perhaps a bit too fine, for he has some very old fashioned ideas and lives up to them. The other day she had a battle to have him with her for dinner.

They had just begun to enjoy the soup when he turned to the father and enthusiastically thanked him for a picture received as a birthday present. It was as dainty and pretty a piece of work as he had seen in a long while, and it was particularly welcome from her father.

All but one of his hearers, father included, looked stunned. He cleared his throat and, while sparring for time, caught the eye of the favorite daughter. It was shining, knowing and commanding.

"Ah, yes, yes, glad you liked it!" And the head of the house deliberately burned "What was it?" And the mother lowered the temperature of the room until the more timid shivered.

"I presume it was a water color," said the daughter hurriedly. "Something pastoral, no doubt. George likes such things. Dark frame, of course."

"Guessed it the first time," smiled the father. "It was so good of you," murmured the visitor.

"You darling old poppy," she whispered after dinner. "I knew you'd understand. We never show him any kindness, so I just went down and bought that picture and inclosed your card. Isn't he grateful?"

It tickled the old gentleman. He felt important and like a protector. Before the family separated for bed he made an emphatic announcement that the daughter should marry any one she wanted to, and he would allow no interference.—Detroit Free Press.

A DUMMY TELEPHONE.

How It Was Made to Soothe the Anxious Politician.

Edward Lauterbach was at one time president of the New York county Republican committee. While holding this office Mr. Lauterbach, one of the busiest and most prosperous lawyers in the metropolis, was overrun with applicants for political places. Their perseverance would have driven a less wily man to the bad, but Mr. Lauterbach rigged up a dummy telephone, of which this is the first written description. The wire was grounded, and secrets poured into its receiver were as safe as if spoken in a tomb without witnesses.

A man would come into Mr. Lauterbach's office and query him thus: "How about that job in the appraiser's office, President?"

"Let me see your name is"— "Jones—Thomas J. Jones of the Ninth district."

"Oh, yes! I remember perfectly. Haven't you heard from that yet?" "Not a word."

Ring, went the dummy telephone bell, and the following single handed dialogue between Mr. Lauterbach and himself took place:

"Hello, Central! Give me the Republican county committee. Is that you, Mr. Manchester? I'm Lauterbach. All right. How about that job in the appraiser's office for Jones of the Ninth?"

"Eh? More delay? I'm surprised. I told you I wanted that fixed up a month ago. Get at it at once. Well, it is time. What's that? You think there is something better in view if Mr. Jones can wait? That's good. You will write to him about it? All right. Don't let any more delays occur. Mr. Jones is one of our best men, and we can't afford to keep him waiting. I'll ask him to call down and see you next week about it. Goodbye."

Ten minutes after Jones of the Ninth left the office, his chest inflated with pride, while Secretary Manchester was reading a hastily written note from the president and was wondering whether the supply of plums would hold out until all the hungry patriots had their fill.—Saturday Evening Post.

Greeley on Politics.

In 1872 Ambrose Shields, an Indian, was a well known resident of Paola. He was an enthusiastic supporter of Horace Greeley for the presidency, and he wrote to that gentleman proposing a speaking tour of Kansas which should be made novel and attractive by a band of Indians, organized by Shields and taken along. In due time Shields received a reply in Mr. Greeley's almost illegible handwriting, and here it is, says the Paola (Kan.) Republican, as best deciphered by those who took a look at it:

New York Tribune, New York, July 24, 1872. My Dear Sir—I thank you heartily for your offer to aid me, yet I dare not accept it. I judge that you, like myself, are poor, and I would not have you make yourself poor to help me. I really trust there is no need of it. Take care of your wife and children and do not waste their bread in politics. Please read Carl Schurz's speech. It is the best political address I ever read. Yours, H. GREELEY.

IN THE BEAUTIFUL MORNING.

For all that we sing or we say, There's that in the thorniest way: Hope that the light Will come after the night And the wide world will blossom and roll to the bright.

The beautiful dawn is ever in sight, In the beautiful smile of the morning! For all that we sing or we say, For the tears, for the prayers that we pray, There's that in the gleam Of the realized dream Where the bright stars of faith in their brilliancy beam— Where the sunlight of glory above us shall stream— The beautiful light of the morning! —Frank L. Stanton in Atlantic Constitution.

JOKE ON THE RAILROAD.

Experience of a Swede Who Had a Ticket to South Dakota.

The duties of the claim agent's department would be reduced to a minimum if all cases were like one recently related by a railway employee. One evening a short time ago the engineer of one of the trains running west from Chicago, which was clipping along at good speed over the prairie, became suddenly conscious of the presence of a man on the track immediately in front of him. He had hardly time to take in this impression before he felt a slight shock and a dark mass rapidly outlined by the headlight described a large semicircle in the air to the right and disappeared by the event. Shocked and sickened by the event, but conscious of blamelessness on his own part, the engineer pulled the train up at the next station and wired to division headquarters:

"Struck a man mile back from Cedar Grove. Shall we go back and pick up? Waiting instructions."

There was some delay over the wiring, and a little group gathered around the engineer listening to his story and conversing in low tones over his bad luck. "I only got a glimpse of him," he said, "before we struck him. He went into the air so high that I saw him by the light of the headlight, and he must have struck some ways from the track. I suppose his clothes must have held him together. Then after a pause: 'That's the worst I ever had. I hope it's the last.'"

This called up some reminiscences of the experience of others of the group. They were interrupted by a panting voice coming out of the darkness behind the group:

"Des train go to Dakota?" The speaker being informed that that was the Dakota train, breathed a sigh of relief.

"Well," he continued, "Ay tank Ay run 'bout fas' is relrode train. Ay bot teeket to South Dakota, an teeket man say tak ma sax tollar feety cents en tole me Ay skal go tran tonight. Ay meet tran back here halways en ben run lak yack-rabbit."

Just then the reply came from headquarters. "You're to go on, Jim," said the bearer of the order, "and we're to get out a freight engine and send back from here for the man you struck."

The Swede became interested. "Ay tank you des sayin go back?" "No," and then some of those standing near looked at him for the first time. His hat was gone, his clothing was in strings, and what there was of it, as well as the exposed portions of his lanky person, was covered with thick mud. Some one explained in a few words. The train was just moving.

"Ay tank Ay get guide yoke on relrode tran," he chuckled as he climbed the steps of the smoking car. And then as he moved away into the darkness he yelled back to the little group:

"Ay got yoke on—relrode tran! Ay bone that fallar mals!"—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

How Whitman Helped Childs.

Here is a pleasant story which is known to be true, says The Youth's Companion. The poet Walt Whitman was, as is well known, dependent during most of his life upon the kindness of his friends and admirers for a support. A few years before his death one of these friends called upon him in his little house in Camden, a suburban town of Philadelphia.

"Well, Walt," he said, "how goes it this winter?" He asked, "how does it go for Christmas?"

"No," said Whitman. "No, I'm at work now. I'm in the employ of George Childs. He pays me \$50 a month."

"You at work! I met ask what is your occupation?" "Why, I ride in the street cars. I fall into talk with the drivers and conductors and find out which of them have no overcoats and guess at their size and notify Childs, and then he sends the overcoats. It's not hard work," said the poet thoughtfully. "And then, you know, it helps Childs along."

Grant's Wish.

General Grant was popularly supposed to be habitually grave, reserved and taciturn, but on occasion was very vivacious in conversation, with a keen sense of dry, quiet humor.

One evening after a stag dinner at the White House the company assembled in the library to smoke. Talk fell upon the happiest period of life—childhood, youth, manhood and age.

Grant listened, but said nothing till asked for his opinion. "Well," he replied after a pause, "I believe I would like to be born again," which indicated that he found existence enjoyable all the way through.—John J. Ingalls in Saturday Evening Post.

He Wanted to Know.

The young reporter had had it impressed upon him that when he was sent to see a man he must see him. Some hours of waiting on various occasions had developed in him the stereotyped phrase, "Can you tell me how long I'll have to wait?" One night he was sent to inquire about a prominent man who was reported to be ill. Arriving at the house, he was informed that Mr. Blank was extremely ill, in fact it was feared that he was dying.

"Can you tell me how long I'll have to wait?" he asked.—New York Sun.

A CLAYBANK HORSE.

His Owner's Interesting Story of What the Nag Can Do.

The traveling newspaper man was in San Antonio, standing in front of the Commercial clubrooms, when he overheard a conversation on horses. At the door, hitched to a heavy road wagon, commonly called a buggy, was a claybank horse belonging to a well known German of the town. Another man came along and remarked that the horse was a little off in his shape.

"Off in his shape, eh? Ish dot vat rater call 'em? Vell, I told yer vat it ish. Dot horse vas der best drotter in der state of Texas, and don't yer mind yer own peesness 'bout dot."

"Oh, you got out! That horse can't trot a little bit. I can beat him on my wheel any day in the mud."

"I tell yer vat I do," said the German. "If yer beat dot horse von dime, I gif yer der beat."

"What is his time?" "Dot horse gan a mile in 2:32 easily."

"You are joking." "Choking, vas If? Yer bed I ain't choking a lead dot horse. Vell, I vas over at Houston vid dot bid last vas over vid, and I entered him at a race for the 2:40 class and made a mile in 2:21."

"But that was when he was young peraps," suggested the other man. "Yen he vas young, eh?"

"How old yer yink dot horse vas, onyhow? Vell, he is now yust 19 years of old, and he gan beat out any horse in San Antonio."

The writer asked some one if the fellow was joking. "Not a bit. Why, that is the most famous horse in Texas. He is not a 'ringer,' but that German drives that horse all over Texas to the state and county fairs and wins every race he enters. He has been known to drive from here to Dallas hitched to a heavy load and get there at noon. That same afternoon he would enter the first race, and the record does not show that he was ever yet beaten. This fact can be proved by more than a hundred men here in San Antonio."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE MYSTERY OF SLEEP.

No Man Knows When the Moment of Unconsciousness Comes.

There is a remarkable fact connected with sleep which must not be overlooked. The sleep of a human being, if we are not too busy to attend to the matter, always evokes a certain feeling of awe. Go into a room where a person is sleeping, and it is difficult to resist the sense that one is in the presence of the central mystery of existence. They see old Jones asleep in the club library will smile at this, but look quietly and alone even at old Jones, and the sense of mystery will soon develop.

It is no good to say that sleep is only "moving" because it looks like death. The person who is breathing so loudly as to take away all thought of death scarcely the sense of two quito as easily as the silent sleeper who hardly seems to breathe.

We see that seldom, but were it more familiar we doubt if a corpse would inspire so much awe as the unconscious and sleeping figure—a smiling, irresponsible doll, flesh and blood, but a doll to whom in a second may be called a proud, active, controlling consciousness which will ride his bodily and his mental horse with a hand of iron, which will force that body to endure cold and misery and will make that mind now wandering in paths of fantastic folly grapple with some great problem or throw all its force into the ruling, the saving or the destruction of mankind. The corpse is only so much bone, muscle and tissue. The sleeping body is the house which a quick and eager master has only left for an hour or so.

Let any one who thinks sleep is not a mystery try to observe in himself the process by which sleep comes and to notice how and when and under what conditions he loses consciousness. He will, of course, utterly fail to put his finger on the moment of sleep coming, but in striving to get as close to the cause to the phenomena of sleep he will realize how great is the mystery which he is trying to fathom.—St. Louis Republic.

An Old Blue Book.

"The Blue Book," as the official register of government employees is known, says an old timer, "becomes quite an interesting book on comparison with the volume of less than 100 pages issued half a century ago. Why, the mere sight of the official register for, say, 1846, and the two large volumes of late years will make an object lesson to young and old, to say nothing of what may be learned by inspection. Where a few hundred officials were sufficient then for the transaction of the business of the government, many thousands now are required. The total force of some of the present bureaus exceeds by hundreds the grand total of that period, and some of the departments could then muster less than half a hundred. The state department at that period included the home bureau of 16 employees and the patent office of 21, and with these but 45 on the rolls. The postoffice department had 35 employees, the navy department, including 31 at the observatory, 83; the war department, including the pension office of 12 and Indian office of 13, and 113, and the treasury, including 77 in the general land office, 387. The 'home' (afterward named the interior) department had not then been organized, and the patent office and home bureau under the state department, the home land office under the treasury, and pension office under the war department a few years after formed the nucleus of the interior department."—Washington Star.

Take Your Choice.

According to "The American Primary Teacher," the following answers were recently given in a written examination to the question, "What Causes Rain?"

"Fog." "Fog." "God." "The ocean." "Heaven." "Evaporated from the ocean." "The sun gives it."

"The sun gets it from the ocean." "At night the sun goes down and gets it."

For Over Fifty Years.

Mrs. WINDSOR'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teaching. It soothes the cough, cures the croup, always all pains, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea, twenty-five cents a bottle.

It was almost a miracle. Burdock Blood Bitters cured me of a terrible breaking out all over the body. I am very grateful! Miss Julia Philbin, West Cornwall, Conn.

THE CIRCUS IN THE SOUTH.

Amusing Instances of Attempts to Evade the Ticket Wagon.

"In the north," said the old circus man to a reporter, "the desire to get into the tent by crawling under the canvas is confined to the small boy. But in the south the entire colored population comes to the ground and hangs around day and night looking for an opportunity to get in free. And to crawl under the canvas seems to them to be the easiest way. Men and women tramp around and around the tent looking for an unguarded point. We always put extra canvasmen on watch when we go to the south with our show."

I have witnessed more than one amusing and exciting incident growing out of this desire of the negro to get into the circus without buying a ticket. They go literally circus mad when the show comes to town, and they won't do a tap of work until it leaves. One reason why they do the step up to the ticket wagon and take their coin is that they never have any. There may be other reasons, but I have never inquired further into the subject.

I was with old Adam Forepaugh one fall when he took his show to the south for an extended season. Two new canvasmen nearly precipitated a riot for us at Lexington, Ky. They had been hired for the special purpose of keeping negroes from crawling under the tent, and they saw an opportunity to make a little money for themselves on the side. They were able to work out their scheme through the fact that they were favorably stationed for it. One was on the outside at the connection between the main tent and the menagerie and the other on the inside within the connection.

"Among the vast crowd of negroes hanging about the show was a large number who had come to town expecting to get in for 10 or 25 cents. The outside canvasman gave out a quiet tip that if any one had any change in his pockets by giving it to the right person he could get into the show at cut rates. They began to crowd around him, tendering varied amounts of money from one cent up to 45. He accepted all tenders. He told them that he would have to put them in one at a time. He did.

"The inside man was waiting for them. Just as soon as a black head would appear under the canvas he would grab it, drag the rest of the person owing it inside and shove him out of the other side of the narrow connection. From here it was a long way around to the man who got the money. If one of the dopes found his way back, which was uncertain, and wanted his money returned, he was promptly shoved under the canvas again and just as promptly kicked out on the other side. It was a kind of an endless chain."

"Why didn't the two men let them stay in? Well, old Adam Forepaugh was about, and if he saw an unusual number of negroes in the tent he would at once have made the rounds to find where they were getting in. That was why. The show was about half over that night when an unbecoming racket started at the connection. A minute or two passed, and we saw two canvasmen running for life around the hippodrome track with an angry yelling crowd of negroes after them. The audience enjoyed it immensely; thought it was part of the show. We knew different. A lot of us jumped in and headed the negroes off. That gave the canvasmen time to escape. After we learned the cause of it we regretted our interference. We lost two promising canvasmen at Lexington."—Pittsburg News.

Skin Tight Seta Trousers.

The most amazing thing about a Moro is his trousers. If he is of any station or has any money, they are made of silk, and the more colors and the brighter they are the better. I have seen red, green, yellow, white and black all in one pair, and the greens and reds are no soft, subdued affairs. They are the most violent and vehement things in the color line. It is the fit of them that is the wonder, though. If they were of the right shade of brown, you couldn't tell that there were any trousers. Nothing so tight ever was contrived by any sartorial artist who uses the English language. But for one thing the conclusion would be irresistible that they are made on the rearers and worn off—that is, that sometimes they are changed.

General Bates once waited about two hours for a date, with whom he had some business, to change his trousers, and those two hours were filled with language and strange sounds from within the house of the date. But at the end of them there was the demonstration that the trousers could be changed, although the mystery of their construction was increased.—Ainslee's Magazine.

Having Fun with an Echo.

The mischievous pages of the house have discovered a trick of the echoes in Statuary hall. They play it upon the tourists by the score and upon pretensions statesmen occasionally when they can do so without discovery.

There is a certain spot near the beaten path of travel from the central doorway of the house toward the senate where this peculiar echo is effective. If any coin or metal object is dropped on the marble step between the telegraph office and the reception room, it sounds to one passing the particular spot in question as though the object were dropping immediately at his feet. A boy with a tin or a nickel is able to have all sorts of fun by waiting till some one passes the point. Even the senate pages skip away from their work to visit the boys on the other side and play with the echo.—Washington Post.

A Hard One.

Mr. Goodfellow (showing his wife all around his counting house)—And these are the day books.

Mrs. Goodfellow—Yes? Now show me the night books.

Mr. Goodfellow (mystified)—The night books?

Mrs. Goodfellow—Yes. Those that you have to work over at night and that keep you down here until 2 o'clock in the morning.

Divided.

Hicks—Got so you like golf better than you did, I suppose?

Wicks—Well, I won't say that, but I get along with it better. I have got my wife interested in it, you see. She does the dialect and I do the outdoor work, so it isn't so very exhausting to either of us.—Boston Transcript.

His Eyes Open.

"Have you considered what matrimony means?" asked old Bar la Mack.

"Oh, yes," replied young Spenny. "That's why I want to marry your daughter."—Philadelphia North American.

LOTS MORE LIKE IT.

Plenty More Proof Like This and All From Portsmouth People.

No chance for argument here. No better proof can be had. What a Portsmouth man says is the best of evidence for Portsmouth people.

Read this case. We have lots more like it. Mr. James Snow, of No. 5 Daniel street, assistant undertaker at Nickerson's, says: "I was under care of physicians here, their medicine did me no good. I took any quantity of advertised remedies in vain, seeking for a cure. I had gnawing pains in my back that stuck to me nearly the whole time and a tenderness and soreness over my kidneys that made any sudden movement agony. Deafness in my head and that tired feeling haunted me. I wore more plasters than would fill a trunk and yet I did not take a whole box of Doan's Kidney Pills when the aching and lameness were gone. I tried so many medicines and experienced so much that I have no hesitation in saying that Doan's Kidney Pills are ahead of anything I have ever used and if I am ever troubled again I may be, I know what to do."

For sale by all dealers; price 50 cents. Foster—Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.

Among the vast crowd of negroes hanging about the show was a large number who had come to town expecting to get in for 10 or 25 cents. The outside canvasman gave out a quiet tip that if any one had any change in his pockets by giving it to the right person he could get into the show at cut rates. They began to crowd around him, tendering varied amounts of money from one cent up to 45. He accepted all tenders. He told them that he would have to put them in one at a time. He did.

Drink Only The Purest

Ky. Taylor

Whiskey.

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FOR PORTSMOUTH AND PORTSMOUTH'S INTERESTS.

You want local news? Read the Herald. More local news than all other local dailies combined. Try it.

FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 1900.

Senator Hill now says that he has nothing to say. Other people discovered that after reading what Croker had to say.

At this stage of the proceedings the watchword of every believer of fair play should be: "Go it, Hill! Go it, Croker!"

It looks now as though the army cantons would have to go. The military spirit alone is deemed sufficient for all purposes.

Gov. Pingree, of Michigan, again notifies the republican party that it can't lose him. Otherwise the outlook is cheering in the extreme.

It is now morally certain that the administration won't be safe from attack by Senator Wellington until it places itself under mosquito bats.

As now arranged, the Ohp. Belmont boom for vice president will advance on Kansas City in parallel columns and a red band wagon. That's the trek.

Montana still rejoices in the possession of three United States senators, but only one of them can vote. The other two are just ordinary, very ordinary, Gentlemen in Waiting.

This country produced 30,000,000 packs of playing cards last year. And here and there you will find a man who is convinced that there wasn't a winning hand in the entire batch.

If current reports from Washington are to be credited, Admiral Dewey will accept second place or any other old place on the Bryan ticket. He simply wants the country to understand that he studies to please.

Possibly the demand for a reopening of the Dreyfus affair is prompted by a belief that it would be a novel addition to the Paris exposition. Its proper place would, of course, be in the department of freaks.

Even if Mr. Bryan should succeed in keeping still for two whole months it will be only to begin whistling the same old tune at the end of that period. A few new variations will be all the improvements that one can expect.

The report received by cable from Dr. Klopsch, the "Christian Herald's" famous commissioner, who has just completed a tour of the stricken districts of Bombay presidency, piles horror upon horror. He announces a stampeding of famine camps by cholera and smallpox fugitives from distant sections and a fearful spread of these diseases; a hospital death rate of 90 per cent. in certain places; a thermometer record in one district of 115 in the shade; many deaths on the highways and in the roadside ditches; the devouring of human bodies by vultures, dogs and jackals, and other equally harrowing facts, with a fear that the worst is yet to come. Seldom has the world presented, in any quarter, so appalling a visitation. Never has more truth aided in the proverb that he gives twice who gives quickly.

Senator Wellington's speech recently reiterating the stupid democratic lie to the effect that a secret alliance existed between the United States and Great Britain provoked a retort from which a man of fine sensibilities would have shrunk in confusion and shame. He admitted that he had not a scrap of evidence to support his absurd story, and virtually pleaded guilty of circulating a statement which Senator Lodge characterized as a falsehood. The public is so accustomed to Mr. Wellington's reckless outbursts that this latest exhibition of rancor is interesting chiefly as showing that the habit has made him capable of uttering charges which the whole country knows to be absolutely false. The administration is to be congratulated upon the fact that it enjoys

the violent and uncompromising opposition of Mr. Wellington and every other man like him.

The adverse report from the senate committee on judiciary on the bill authorizing a constitutional amendment giving congress the power to regulate marriage and divorce in the several states and territories of the Union will cause little or no surprise. The evils arising from the conflict of state laws relating to marriage and divorce are scandalous, and the need of a radical reform of the entire system becomes more and more urgent every year, but whether the remedy lies in the enlargement of the powers of the federal government is an extremely doubtful question. To deprive the states of the power to regulate the institution of marriage within their own borders would be an experiment of questionable wisdom, and one that should not be undertaken until it has been found that the desired reforms cannot be accomplished in other ways. The refusal of the senate to authorize the proposed amendment should strengthen the movement to establish a uniform code of marriage and divorce laws among the several states, for it is becoming more and more evident that in that arrangement the true remedy for present evils will be found.

SOME BRIGHT POINTS.

It will probably take twenty-three ballots to decide Jim Corbett's congressional battle.—Memphis Appeal.

Only a political Pecksniff can endorse the un-American Chicago platform and then snivel about the Declaration of Independence.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

It is up to President McKinley to decide whether it is a graceful thing to do to remodel the White House without consulting the wishes of Mr. Bryan.—Chicago Record.

The New York anti-imperialists hissed President McKinley, but they clasped George Washington with Agnaldo. That was a far deadlier insult.—Boston Journal.

It Clark was not elected to the senate, could he resign? And if he couldn't resign, could another man be appointed? What's the status, anyhow?—Montgomery Advertiser.

Count that day lost whose low descending sun sees no new man with Bryan pledged to run.—Chicago Evening Post.

The Kentucky voters can rectify the theft of the governorship in November if they are so disposed, but the larceny of the other state offices will last for four years.—Washington Post.

We commend to those politicians who are trying to commit the democratic party to a policy of anti-expansion these words of the poet:

"The lightning bug is brilliant, But it hasn't any mind; It stumbles through existence With its headlight on behind."—Louisville Courier Journal.

We regret as keenly as the anti-imperialist can our present entanglement in the Philippine islands. But we have nothing but disgust for the hypocritical use of this so-called imperialism in behalf of a man who used what influence he had to bring the Philippines under our jurisdiction.—Indianapolis News.

Senator Tillman is certainly a misrepresentative of the south. He stands for nothing southern we know of. His hatred of the negroes is abnormal; his opposition to capital is a deterrent force; his mania on the liquor question has made war of peace in his own state, and now he deliberately maligns the south by saying in the senate that 95 percent of our people regret that the Union was not divided at the time of the war between the states. That is a display of ignorance on Tillman's part or of impudence and self-advertising. We do not know which.—Mobile Register.

WITH THE THEATRICAL FOLK.

This is the last week of Sapho at the Bowdoin square theatre in Boston.

Miss Olga Nethercole has given her last performance of Sapho, for the season.

Francesca Redding's sketch at Keith's this week is one of the best of the long list of comediettas produced at this house during the last five years. It is breezy, bright and funny, and does not contain a dull moment.

The burlesque of Zaza at the Hollis Street theatre in Boston is making a good hit. Georgia Caine makes a capital imitation of Mrs. Leslie Carter and red wig and her exaggerated gestures appeal especially to those who saw the original play. The piece has been added to the Rogers Brother in Wall Street.

Victor Herbert has announced his intention of giving up the leadership of the Twenty-second Regiment band, which he has led since the death of Patrick Gilmore. Paul Hennenberg has been chosen as Mr. Herbert's successor. Mr. Herbert wishes to give all his time to the Pittsburgh Symphony orchestra. Mr. Hennenberg has been known as one of the best musicians in the band.

Hood's Pills

Do not gripe nor irritate the stomach. They act gently yet promptly, cleanse the bowels and give comfort.
Sold by all druggists. 25 cents.

SENATE AGREES.

To Buy Land For Barracks At Newcastle.

Reina Mercedes To Lay Up Here This Summer.

Two Washington Despatches Of Especial Interest Here.

WASHINGTON, May 31.—In the senate this afternoon, Mr. Chandler of New Hampshire offered an amendment for the condemnation and purchase of land adjoining Fort Constitution at Newcastle, N. H., for the erection of barracks. The sum of fifty thousand dollars is appropriated for the purpose. The amendment was agreed to.

The Reina Mercedes Coming.
WASHINGTON, May 31.—The navy department has resumed its consideration of the project, conceived last summer, of sending the former Spanish warship, Reina Mercedes, (now at Norfolk,) up to the navy yard at Portsmouth, N. H. The department has been importuned by persons living in New Hampshire to convert the Mercedes into a training or receiving ship and station her at the Portsmouth yard. The expense of such an undertaking is judged to be too great, however, to justify the end, so the vessel will be laid up in ordinary at the Portsmouth yard this summer.

FOREIGN FORCE STARTS FOR PEKIN.

TIENTSIN, May 31.—A special train left for Peking this afternoon, carrying the following forces: American, seven officers and fifty-five men; British, three officers and seventy-two men; Italian, three officers and thirty-nine men; French, three officers and seventy-two men; Japanese, two officers and twenty-four men. The foreign contingent also took with them five quick-firing guns. It is rumored here that the force will be opposed at the first gate outside the Chinese capital.

CAPT. MACGOWAN GUILTY.

WASHINGTON, May 31.—The court martial which has been trying Capt. John McGowan on charges of scandalous conduct and neglect of duty in connection with his shooting of a Philippine while in command of the monitor Monadnock, concluded its findings today and submitted them to the secretary of the navy. Capt. McGowan is found guilty of the charges and sentenced to a suspension from duty for two years, on half pay, and to be reprimanded by the secretary. There is an unanimous recommendation, however, for clemency.

BASE BALL.

The following is the result of the games played in the National league yesterday:

Boston 2, Cincinnati 1; at Boston.
New York 4, Pittsburg 6; at New York.
Philadelphia 3, Chicago 0; at Philadelphia.

QUITE A FIRE IN BOSTON.

Boston, May 31.—A fire this evening practically ruined the stock in the large Pitts-Kimball establishment, located in a six-story building at 607 Washington street. The loss will be \$200,000. There was considerable damage by water to the Park theatre and several other structures.

NITRO-GLYCERINE EXPLODED.

MAHETTA, O., May 31.—Six men were killed and four fatally injured tonight at Whipple, a place a short distance east of this city, by the explosion of fifty quarts of nitro-glycerine, which was being used to drive a well on the Kelly farm.

MORE SPECIAL DEPUTIES.

St. Louis, May 31.—The police commissioners, at a special meeting this afternoon, ordered the swearing in of 1500 special deputies, in addition to the thousands already provided for.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

WASHINGTON, May 31.—Forecast for New England: Partly cloudy Friday, probably showers and cooler in the southern portions; Saturday generally fair, fresh south to west winds.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Roberts Occupies Johannesburg.

LONDON, May 31.—The war office has received the following despatch from Lord Roberts:

JOHANNESBURG, May 31, 2.00 p. m.—Her majesty's forces took possession of Johannesburg today, and the British flag is now flying over the government building.

Defeated a Commando

CAPE TOWN, May 31.—General Buller has defeated a Boer commando at Senecel. His losses were forty-five killed and many wounded.

Kruger Reported Captured.

LONDON, May 31, evening.—The West minister Gazette says it is rumored to night, in a quarter likely to be well informed, that "President Kruger has been captured by the British six miles beyond Pretoria."

Knows Nothing Of It.

LONDON, May 31.—The war office announces that it has received no news of the reported capture of President Kruger.

Kruger Has Left Pretoria.

LONDON, June 1, 2.00 a. m.—Belated messages from Pretoria confirm the report of the departure from Pretoria of President Kruger and the members of his staff, on Tuesday night, and tell of a meeting of the citizens to appoint a committee to govern provisionally.

A NOTABLE VOYAGE.

NORFOLK, Va., May 31.—The United States training ship Hartford, Admiral Farragut's old flagship, arrived at Hampton roads today from San Francisco, after probably the longest voyage that any United States training ship has ever made. The Hartford has on board 350 apprentices, who were taken on at San Francisco.

KILLED SIX PERSONS.

CHILTON, Wis., May 31.—A dynamite explosion at the home of August Broehm, near Forest Junction, today, completely wrecked the building and killed six persons. The dead are Broehm, his wife and three children and his wife's brother. Broehm was a wealthy farmer. It is not known how the explosion happened.

RESOLVED TO INTERVENE.

LONDON, May 31.—The Berlin correspondent of the Daily Mail wires that the German government takes a very serious view of the situation in China, and that the powers are resolved upon armed intervention.

Princeton Wins Bicycle Contest.

PHILADELPHIA, May 31.—The intercollegiate championship cycling contest at the Woodside park track was won by Princeton with 22 points. Yale was second with 21 points; Columbia third, 7 points; Pennsylvania fourth, 5 points.

BRIEF NEWS NOTES.

Heavy rains have caused disastrous floods in the neighborhood of Peoria, Ill. A Pittsburg and Lake Erie train, in a run between Pittsburg and New Castle, made one mile in 47 seconds.

The Prince of Wales' Diamond Jubilee won the Derby stakes. Simondale was second and Mr. James R. Keene's Disguise third.

A portion of the embankment of the Sabermuttie river in India, on which Ahmedabad is situated, caved in while many men, women and children were washing clothing in the river. Thirty lives were lost.

The Canadian Pacific Employees' Patriotic Relief fund for the Ottawa fire sufferers amounts to \$12,033.44. It is estimated that this amount represents 100 per cent of one-half day's pay for the entire system at the present time.

Chief Justice Albert Francis Judd of the Hawaiian supreme court died on May 20 of cerebral degeneration at the age of 62. He was born in Honolulu in 1838, graduated at Yale in 1858 and married Miss Agnes Boyd of Geneva, N. Y., who, with seven sons and two daughters, survives him. King Kalakau appointed him associate justice of the supreme bench. His estate is valued at \$220,000.

The Spider Growing Industry.

When mine host in the ideal country inn, which all of us seek, but none of us find, brings up a bottle of crusted wine covered with cobwebs and dust, this outward and visible sign is taken as convincing evidence of age. We grieve to have to record that the trust may now be misplaced. A bulletin of the division of entomology of the United States department of agriculture says that in France and Pennsylvania an industry has recently sprung up, which consists of the farming of spiders for the purpose of stocking wine cellars, and thus securing almost immediate coating of corks to new wine bottles, giving them the appearance of great age. This industry is carried on in a little French village in the department of Loire and near Philadelphia, where Epeira vulgaris and Nephila plumipes are raised in large quantities and sold to wine merchants at the rate of \$10 per hundred. This application of entomology to industry is one which will not be highly commended.—Nature.

All the healing, balsamic virtues of the Norway pine are concentrated in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, nature's own remedy for coughs and colds.

ST. LOUIS STRIKE.

Rioters Try to Blow Up Another Car. Casualties in a Street Fight.

St. Louis, May 31. A terrible explosion, supposed to have been caused by dynamite placed on the tracks of the Union line at Fifteenth and Chambers streets, shook the buildings in the neighborhood yesterday.

As near as it can be determined it had resulted from dynamite which was exploded on the street car tracks. The damage to the rails was not marked, the explosive apparently having spent its force in the air. The shock was felt within a radius of a mile on Fifteenth and Chambers streets. Glass was shattered in windows many blocks away. The explosion created a panic in the neighborhood. The police furnish this list of casualties in a street fight:

Herman Pestake, shot in back, fatal; John T. Rice, shot through the chest, fatal; John McCally, shot in left knee; Dolly Mitchell, shot in right arm; William Grammon, shot in left leg; George Lacostan, shot in left arm; Albert Wackwitz, shot in right arm; John Decker, shot in left thigh; Frank Yeager shot in hand; Martin Burke, shot in left hip.

A number of others suffered injuries from missiles thrown and in other ways incidental to the riotous developments of the day.

Havana's Holiday.

Havana, May 31.—In honor of Memorial day the offices of the United States officials were closed. At noon a national salute was fired in Fort Cabanas. The banks in the city did not close. In the morning a programme of interregimental sports was carried out, and in the afternoon there was a baseball match between nine representing the artillery and the infantry. The bodies of the victims of the Maine having been removed, there were few graves to decorate.

Conference of Deaf Mutes.

Trenton, May 31.—About 400 deaf mutes attended the third biennial conference of the New Jersey Association of Deaf Mutes at the State School for Deaf Mutes in this city. A number of addresses were made in the sign language, and officers for the ensuing year were elected, as follows: President, Rowland B. Lloyd of Trenton; vice president, H. Pees; secretary and treasurer, C. H. Dickerson.

Take pattern of the umbrella, my son. The umbrella is a useful article, but it never spreads itself.—Boston Transcript.



Made at Stahl City, N. Y.
The best 5c. Cigar that ever happened.
The best dealers sell them. Gentlemen smoke them.
THE RICHARDSON CO., 335 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Granite State Fire Insurance Company

OF PORTSMOUTH, N. H.
Paid-Up Capital, \$200,000

OFFICERS:
President, FRANK JONES;
Vice President, JOHN W. SANBORN;
Secretary, ALFRED F. HOWARD;
Asst. Secretary, JOHN W. EMERY;
Treasurer, JUSTIN V. HANSCOM;
Executive Committee, FRANK JONES, JOHN W. SANBORN, CHARLES A. SINCLAIR, ALBERT WALLACE and E. H. WINCHESTER.

We Are Now Receiving Two Cargos of PORTLAND CEMENT

AND THE
HOPKINSON CEMENT.
The only lot of fresh cement in the city.
We have the largest stock, and constant shipments ensure the newest cements.

J. A. & A. W. WALKER
137 MARKET ST.

The Best Bargain Ever Offered in York.

FARM 200 Acres, 50 of it Wood and Lumber. Fine buildings in thorough order. House 30x40, 2 story. Barn 40x60. Corn House, Pigsty, Henhouse. Good orchard. Never failing well; electric. Elevated and slightly. Good soil raise anything. Near market. Title perfect. \$3000; no less.
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For Sale by George Hill, Druggist

PORTSMOUTH'S SECRET AND SOCIAL SOCIETIES.

WHEN AND WHERE THEY MEET.

A Guide for Visitors and Members.

OAK CASTLE, NO. 4, K. C. R.
Meets at Hall, Peirce Block, High St., Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month.
Officers—Charles F. Cole, N. C.; Fred Gardner, P. C.; Charles E. Oliver, V. C.; Geo. E. M. Smiley, V. H.; E. P. Gidney, H. P.; True W. Priest, K. of E.; Allison L. Phinney, C. of E.; Samuel R. Gardner, M. of H.; James Kehoe, S. H.

PORTSMOUTH LODGE, NO. 97, B. P. O. E.
Meets at Hall, Franklin Block, First and Third Thursday of each month. Officers—Edward Voudy, C.; George D. Richardson, V. C.; Fred Joslyn, S. Ex.; Arthur Woodsum, J. Ex.; Frank Pike, R. S.; Frank Langley, T. S.; J. W. Morden, T.; Frank Walsh Ind.; Jas. Harrold, Eian.; Joseph Welch, I. P.; Wm. P. Gardner, O. P.

OSGOOD LODGE, NO. 48, I. O. O. F.
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Thursday evening at 8:00 o'clock.
Officers—Charles H. Kehoe, N. G.; George W. French, V. G.; Howard Anderson, Sec.; Edwin B. Prime, Treas.; Albert C. Plummer, Fin. Sec.
The Degree Flag will be displayed when degrees are conferred. Watch for it. All brother Odd Fellows not members of the Lodge are cordially invited to attend the Lodge meetings and are assured a cordial greeting.

SUMMER HOTELS OF MAINE AND NEW HAMPSHIRE.

WHERE TO GO FOR AN OUTING

CUTLER'S SEA VIEW, HAMPTON BEACH,
Where you get the famous FISH DINNERS.
Most beautifully situated hotel on the coast. Parties catered to.

JOHN CUTLER, Proprietor.

The Famous HOTEL WHITTIER, Open the Entire Year.
Favorite stopping place for Portsmouth people.

If you are on a pleasure drive you cannot fail to enjoy a meal at Whittier's.

OTIS WHITTIER, Proprietor.

Lawn Mowers AND Grass Knives Sharpened.

G. B. CHADWICK & CO., MACHINISTS,
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Old Furniture Made New.

Why don't you send some of your badly worn upholstered furniture to Robert H. Hall and have it re-upholstered? It will cost but little.

Manufacturer of All Kinds of Cushions And Coverings.

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Professional Cards.

Dr. C. O. Smith, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Removed to 34 Fleet Street
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Up One Flight. Telephone, Connecticut 1
OFFICE HOURS: THU 10 a. m., 2 to 4. 7 to 9 p. m.
Special Attention Given to Disease Women and Children.

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Office—13 Pleasant St., Exchange Building
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Residence, 98 State St.
Office, 26 Congress St.
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OFFICE HOURS: 1 A. M., 3 P. M., 7:30 to 10 Evenings.

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Is the time to inspect the samples of
SPRING CLOTHING.

I have just received a new lot of samples and I am prepared to make suits from \$15.00 up and pants from \$4.00 up.

CLEANING, REPAIRING AND PRESSING A SPECIALTY.
Perfect Satisfaction Guaranteed

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Call by night at residence, 9 Miller Avenue, or 11 Daniel Street, will receive prompt attention.
Telephone at office and residence.

REBELS RUSH A TOWN.

Five Americans Slain and Several Missing.

MUSICIANS KILLED BY LADRONES.

Band of Forty-sixth Infantry Ambushed—Scouts of Forty-seventh Regiment Burn Village of Yubi. March Couldn't Find Aquinaldo.

Manila, May 31.—On Tuesday night the insurgents rushed San Miguel de Ma ymo, province of Bulacan, Luzon, gar risoned by three companies of the Thirty-fifth volunteer infantry. They swept through the town, shooting right and left, killing five Americans and wounding seven. Captain Charles D. Roberts and two privates are missing. No Filipino dead were discovered.

While a band under the escort of troops of the Forty-sixth infantry was moving from Bang to Slang it was attacked by ladrones, three of the musicians being killed.

Major March's van of the Thirty-third regiment has arrived at Aparri, Luzon from Benguet after the hardest of mountain traveling. The men were exhausted and ragged, having followed persistently on the supposed Aquinaldo trail. They had several encounters with the rebels but found no signs of Aquinaldo.

Lieutenant Jens E. Stedje of Company L, Forty-seventh volunteers, while scouting in the southern part of Albay province, had several encounters with the insurgents, in which 17 of the enemy were killed and 23, including a captain were captured.

Six explosive bombs and valuable in surgent documents also fell into the hands of the Americans.

The scouts burned the town of Yubi the headquarters of the rebels. Sergeant Drickie was killed during a slight en gagement near Hilaro, province of Al bay, yesterday.

Scouts of the Thirty-sixth and Thirty-fourth regiments have captured 322 rifles and 500 rounds of ammunition in the Pangasinan province.

Death of Inventor.

New York, May 31.—After working 25 years to complete a gold refining machine Samuel W. Walker, an inventor of Ona ha, was stricken with heart disease in Brooklyn borough and died yesterday. Walker believed he had found a practical way to recover gold from the crude ore by a dry process. He developed an amal gamating machine, and after a long period of waiting he obtained a patent. This years of scientific research and the cost of perfecting his invention cost him a fortune. He brought the model of his ma chine to the east in the hope of interest ing capitalists in this city. Several wealthy men became interested in Walk er's patent after his arrival in New York. Walker told his friends a few days ago that the experiments he had been conduct ing were successful in every detail. It was said that Walker would take his gold refining machine to the Klondike with the backing of William F. Cody and others.

Serious Fire in Hoboken.

New York, May 31.—The Palisades Pa per mill at Eighth and Grand streets, Hoboken, was destroyed by fire last night. The damage is estimated at \$100,000. Flames were discovered in the rear of the building on the lower floor at 8:30 o'clock by Thomas O'Daniel, the night watchman. The building was a two story frame structure, 300 feet long and 150 feet wide. Although it was half a mile back from the water's edge it made an illumination which could be seen from this city and from everywhere on the North river south of Forty-second street. The business was bought recently by a stock company from Hollbrook, Mass. The mill was shut down under foreclo sure three weeks ago. It is believed that the fire was caused by incendiarism, as there had been no fire in the building since it was closed.

Rathbone to Be Arrested.

Havana, May 31.—Mr. Jones, the special prosecutor appointed to conduct the postal fraud cases, has arrived here after a rough voyage, accompanied by Major Burton, who discovered the frauds, and Mr. Stevens. He held a conference with Governor General Wood last evening. It was given out officially that former Di rector General of Posts Rathbone will be arrested if he tries to leave the island on Saturday. It was not stated on what charge this action will be taken, but the authorities say the investigation is not completed, and until it is Mr. Rathbone will be kept under surveillance.

St. Petersburg Express Wrecked.

Paris, May 31.—A freight train came into collision yesterday afternoon with the St. Petersburg express between Terzani and Quenecy. The express, which left the Nord station at 1:50 p. m., was composed exclusively of sleeping cars, two of which were derailed. The engine driver was killed, and several pas sengers were badly bruised. The loco motive of the freight train was precipitated into the canal of St. Quentin.

Woman Shoots Woman.

Birmingham, Ala., May 31.—Mrs. Mamie Caddell was shot and instantly killed by Mrs. Lily Gardner at Blorton. The murderess had been living with Caddell, her victim's husband. The wife left home, but returned to get some of her belongings, when she was shot down by the Gardner woman, the husband looking on, but offering no interference. Mrs. Gard ner and Caddell were arrested and sped away to Centerville to avoid mob violence, which was threatened.

Castellane Not Smiling Loubet.

Paris, May 31.—The New York Her ald's European edition publishes today a letter from Comte Boni de Castellane de nouncing as a forgery the alleged tele gram bearing his signature published Tuesday in the United States, represent ing him as saying that he and his co-partisans in the chamber of deputies would "smite the government hip and thigh" for its "ignoble effort to revive the Dreyfus case."

W. R. Hearst For Vice President.

Atlanta, May 31.—The Evening Jour nal says: "For second place on the presi dential ticket that will be named at Kan sas City The Journal wishes to present the name of William Randolph Hearst of New York. Mr. Hearst is a firm Demo crat and has so strongly stamped his individuality on the community in which he now lives that we believe he would greatly aid the ticket. We think he could carry the state of New York."

THE KETTLE.

Oh, I am a kettle, a kettle am I
I never shall arrive to day
There's nothing about me that's cooking or
stew.
Deception? I never shall try it.
Bubble, I say, and bubble, I say!
Some folks may not like it, but that is my
style.

I mind my own business and give no trouble.
Bubble, hub-bubble, hub-bubble, hub-bubble!
They say I am black. I admit it is true—
A respectable tint, and I love it.
I never, no, never, set out to be black.
As for yellow or red, I'm above it.
Bubble, I say, and bubble, I say!
I'm ready to talk any time of the day.
Heap on the coals and my song I will double.
Bubble, hub-bubble, hub-bubble, hub-bubble!
—Laura E. Richards in St. Nicholas.

FIRST METHODIST SERMON.

Preached by John Wesley Over a Century and a Half Ago.

"On the 7th of March, 1736, John Wesley preached the first Methodist sermon ever preached on this continent," writes the Rev. W. J. Scott, D. D., in "The Ladies' Home Journal." "It was delivered not far from the site of the present Christ church, Savannah, of which he subsequently was the third rector, and was addressed to a mixed assemblage. His congregation hardly exceeded 400 persons, including children and adults, re-enforced, however, by 100 or more of the neighboring Indians. Wesley discussed in a most eloquent manner the principles of Christian charity as argued by St. Paul in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. He made a powerful appeal, and many of his audience were in tears. While he was not so impetuous in his delivery as in after years, his abilities at that time bespoke the great preacher and reformer.

"If he was more scholastic in style than in after years, the fervor and force of his appeals were none the less felt by his hearers. Especially was this strikingly true when in the course of his discourse he ad dressed to the death of his father, who for 40 years or more had been the incumbent of the Episcopal rectory. This venerable man was asked not long before his death, 'Are the consolations of God small with you?' 'No, no,' he exclaimed, 'with up-lifted hands. And then, continued Wesley, calling all that were near him by their names, the dying patriarch said: 'Think of heaven, think of heaven. All time is lost when we are not thinking of heaven!' This was spoken by Wesley in a tremulous voice, and his new parishioners at Savannah were for the instant almost swept off their feet by a tidal wave of religious en thusiasm. Tradition has it that several Indians who were present became so greatly excited, not only by Mr. Wesley's im passioned oratory—though they did not understand a word he said—but by his gestures, that one old warrior nervously clutched his tomahawk, fearing an out break in the strangely moved audience."

Tillman's Signature.

All notes issued by the government bear the indorsement of the register of the treasury, and everybody is familiar with the finely written, somewhat effeminate signature of Mr. Tillman. Like that of Grover Cleveland, who conferred public office on the Tennessee Mr. Tillman's handwriting suggests a man entirely dif ferent in personal appearance from his real self. He is tall, broad shouldered and inclined to rotundity. His linen is always immaculate. A waistcoat of U shape and extremely low allows a broad expanse of shirt bosom, embellished by a magnifi cent diamond stud, to be seen. His dia mond, his shirt front and his silks are all made by Mr. Tillman, a noticeable figure in Washington.

Just today Mr. Tillman began the prac tice of signing a dollar bill or a bill of any other denomination to a person whom he wished to see is not definitely known, but the friends of the register tell this story about it: Mr. Tillman went visiting one evening. When he opened his card case in response to the presentation of a silver plate by a servant, he found it empty. "I haven't a card with me," he ex plained and was about to send up his name by word of mouth when a happy thought came. "This will serve as well," he said, fishing out a dollar note and sig ning it on the spot. "That's not for you, mind," added the Tennesseean, de tecting a look of cupidity in the servant's face. "Give it to Mr. —. He'll under stand."

But Mr. — did not understand. He sent back the money, with a request for an explanation. "Well, well," said Mr. Tillman. "How odd. There's my name, plain as daylight, in the lower left hand corner." The register was received at once.—New York Sun.

Deaf and Small.

Two white haired old women were sit ting together in a lake street elevated train the other afternoon and discussing their grown up children. The son of one of the two passengers, a dignified looking man, sat a few seats in front of them reading a newspaper.

"Now, there is William," said the mouth er, nodding in the direction of the man with the paper. "See how well he has got along in life. He says he is worth \$300,000 already, and expects to double it if he lives 15 years longer."

"Yes," said the other old lady, "and he began life in a very small way, didn't he?" "Well, I should say he did," was the answer. "He only weighed six pounds, and John and I never thought we would raise him." The old lady never under stood why the passengers smiled when they heard her words.—Chicago Tribune.

Spencer's Rebuke.

Herbert Spencer plays billiards. Once at the Athenaeum club he played 50 up with an antagonist, who ran out without giving the author of "The Synthetic Sys tem" a chance of handling his cue. It was very provoking, and Mr. Spencer felt constrained to speak. "Sir," he said, "I am certain ability at games of skill is an indication of a well balanced mind. But adroitness such as you have just displayed is, I must inform you, strong presumptive evidence of mispent youth."

Would Prove an Alibi.

Lawyer—I'll defend you, Sambo, in this bigamy case, but what defense have you? Sambo—I can prove an alibi. Lawyer—An alibi? How will you prove it? Sambo—By two odder wives what I had.—Adams Freeman.

Colorless quartz is found in many parts of the world and is used for optical pur poses and to imitate the diamond. It, however, lacks the luster of the strass or paste imitations.

The Russian scepter is of solid gold, 3 feet long, and contains among its orna ments 258 diamonds, 860 rubies and 15 emeralds.

HAD TOO MUCH TO DO.

A Story For Husbands Who Think Wives Have Easy Times.

Husbands will appreciate a Russian story told by Count Leo Tolstoy. It re lates that a Russian peasant and his wife, after an earnest discussion of the question which of them had the more and harder work to do, agreed to exchange tasks for a day. The woman went to the field to plow, and the man staid at home to do the housework.

"Now mind," said the wife, as she started out, "turn the cows and the sheep out to pasture at just the right time and feed the little chickens and look out that they don't wander, and have the dinner ready when I come back. Mix up some porridge and fry them, and don't forget to clean the butter. But above all, don't forget to beat the millet."

The peasant had so much trouble in getting the cattle and sheep out that it was late when he thought of the chickens, and in order that the little chickens might not wander he tied them all to gether by the legs with a string and then fastened the string to the old hen's leg.

He had noticed that while his wife was beating the millet she often kneaded her pastry at the same time. So he went to work to do these things together, and as he had to shake himself a great deal to do it he saw an excellent chance to get the butter churned at the same time by tying the cream jar to his belt.

"By the time the millet is pounded," he said, "the butter will have come."

He had hardly begun this triple task when he heard the old hen squawking and the chickens peeping. He started on a run to see what was the matter, but tripped on the edge of a flagstone, fell and broke the cream jar to pieces.

In the yard he found that a prodigious hawk had seized one of the chickens and was trying off with it. The chickens and their mother were all tied on one string they hung together, and the hawk flew away with them all.

In his confusion the peasant left the yard gate open, and the pig came in, tipped over the bread tray and spilled the batter, which the animal then immedi ately began to devour. While the peasant was looking on in astonishment an other pig came in and began rooting among the millet.

In the confusion the peasant was clearing things up as well as he could, the first went out. He had not succeeded in re kindling it when his wife entered the yard with the horse.

"Why," she said, "where are the chick ens and the hen?"

"A hawk carried them off. I had tied them together so they wouldn't wander away, and the hawk carried off the whole lot."

"Well, is dinner ready?"

"Dinner? How could I have dinner when there isn't any fire?"

"Did you churn the butter?"

"No; I was churning it, but I fell and dropped the jar and broke it, and the dog ate up the cream."

"But what is all this batter that I see on the floor?"

"Those miserable pigs did that."

"Well, you have had a hard time," said the wife. "As for me, I've got the field all plowed, and I'm back home early."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed the husband bit terly, "you've had only one single thing to do, while as for me, I've had every thing to do all at the same time—got this ready, take care of that and think of everything! How in the world was I to do it?"

"Well," said she, "that's what I do every day. Now I guess you'll admit that a woman has something to do!"

Wandering in Dreamland.

The young woman's mind was probably away off in the land of out on the bias and jokes and quines and platitudes and applique and ruffles and things like that, whatever they may mean.

Anyhow, when she got up on town Ninth street car the other afternoon, she dreamily opened her pocketbook when the conductor came around for her fare, stuck a gloved finger and thumb into one of the compartments of the same, ex tracted a couple of foulard samples, and with that faraway expression still in her eyes, handed them to the conductor. The conductor was a middle aged man. He smiled and waited for the young woman to come out of her trance. But she held the foulard samples out to him, with eyes on vacancy, until the conductor, still grin ning, had to fetch her back to earth.

"Yes, they're pretty, miss," he said, "and I'd like to get my wife a dress off that piece on top, but she's—"

The young woman blushed like a red hot stove lid, dug into another compart ment of her pocketbook for a car ticket, and she looked real embarrassed when the brutal male persons across the car aisle grinned, so she did.—Washington Post.

Mended His Manners.

A certain English officer is noted for his ready wit and quickness in repartee. In the very early days of his career he was ordered to Bombay and was attached to the staff of the then commander in chief as A. D. C.

Shortly after his arrival, at a function at the government house, a new military secretary who, in the conscious pride of his new position, had a hearty contempt for subalterns of all degrees, with a glassy stare through his eyeglass offered him two fingers to shake.

D. C., quite unabashed, looked at him for a moment or two and then said genially:

"Hang it all, major, the governor gives me three!"

The whole room was convulsed, and the military secretary, now a colonel, profited by the hint and mended his man ners, but he never forgave the A. D. C.—London Tit-Bits.

Historic Limoges.

Once a flourishing Roman city and sup posed to be one of seven cities where Christianity was planted about the mid dle of the third century, Limoges is the capital of the department of Haute Vienne, and is 250 miles south of Paris. Its porcelain manufactures are justly cele brated. In 1758 kaolin was found near by, and naturally they immediately began making the hard paste porcelain. This is more durable, though were made of soft paste absorbs less color in the deco rating and has a pleasing softness of effect. The popular Haviland china is made at the same place.—Philadelphia Record.

Consolation.

Olga (who has overheard a conversa tion in the drawing room)—Aren't you glad you weren't born a lady, cook? Cook—Why should I be glad, Miss Olga?

Olga—Well, see what a lot of trouble you'd have with the servants!—Punch.

CASTS OF PLASTER.

DESCRIPTION OF AN IMPORTANT CHI CAGO INDUSTRY.

that City and Milwaukee Supply the De mand of the United States and England For Plaster Cast Work—A Peep Into One of the Noiseless Workshops.

Chicago holds a place in the world of art which very few people dream she pos sesses. The western metropolis is the cen ter of trade and the market for all the decorative plaster cast work which is used in the country. Chicago not only supplies the Mississippi valley and the west with copies in plaster from the masters, but nearly all of the east.

The trade in Chicago has an able com petitor in Milwaukee in the kind of work turned out, but no such amount of work comes from the casting shops of that city as is turned out here. However, the combined trade of Milwaukee and Chicago manages to supply the demand of all the United States and even that of England.

The dirty Italian peddler who goes from house to house selling his little plaster Venuses and Dianes did not learn his trade in sunny Italy. It is not an impor tant part of his native shores. The pretty copies of the beautiful and fantastic in art are not a breath of some great foreign ar tistic atmosphere brought here by the scum of Roman and Milanese streets. The plaster is turned out on sale in Chicago are the indigenous products of work of native hands and native thought.

There are at least a dozen firms in op eration here. The work which they furnish for the public includes not only the little statuettes, bas-reliefs and busts which are familiar to the eyes of pedestrians in shop windows, but also the extensive decorative work in plaster used in the construction of buildings.

The trade of the decorative plasterer, as this kind of artist is known, is simple, yet interesting. The men employed are di vided into two classes, the molders, or sculp tors, and the casters.

The sculptors are men of ability. They perform the most important work in clay. They originate the designs and copy clay figures from the great masters. With deft touch and idealistic thought they fashion beautiful bits of work from the wet clay. It is a work of upbuilding, of fashioning from the lifeless clay the laughing head of a woman or the sardonic grin of a faun. The sculptor works only in clay and models with his blunt, flat pencil great wheels and strips of grooved, deco rative work for the interior finish of build ings. On him hangs the responsibility and on him depends all the success of the fu ture work. He is the modeler of designs which the plasterers use as the matrices of innumerable copies.

When the model in clay is completed, it is laid aside for 48 hours to dry. During that time the water used in softening the clay to make it malleable evaporates, leav ing the work of the sculptor almost as hard and durable as marble. This stage in plaster work is called clay modeling.

The design is now ready for the casters. The clay model is brushed with shellac and prepared for the covering of gelatin glue and the making of the glue mold. The model is covered first with a so called shell. This is made of plaster and fits over the model like the full glass cover of a flat salad plate. An aperture is then made in the shell as it rests upon the model, and into this aperture the liquid gelatin glue is poured. It flows around the intricate design of the model and is left overnight to harden.

The morning, when the shell is re moved, this glue mold has hardened and can itself be lifted entire from the clay model beneath. It bears on its underside an exact imprint of the model, and it has the consistency of a piece of soft India rubber. It is durable, however, and serves as the mold from which the plaster casts themselves are made.

Generally large clay models are taken in sections, so that the glue mold is of manageable size. Into it is poured the liquid plaster, forming the head or arm or figure in plaster the exact counterpart of the clay model.

The third stage, that of pouring the plaster into the glue mold, requires a cer tain amount of dexterity and neatness, for the material hardens quickly, and no time can be lost. When a model is made in sections, the plaster imitation is glued together to make the whole and then covered with shellac to protect it from soiling by the dust and soot of the atmosphere.

The workshop of the plaster molder is a curious place. No machinery whatever is used in the work. No gigantic wheels or buxoms make the room noisy with their revolutions. Over in one corner stand a stove and a big boiler, in which the glue is melted. This is the only im plement, besides the tiny tools, which is brought into a work that is essentially a work of the hands.

The tools are as rude and immature as those of the aborigines. Yet no other tools are needed. Those used by the sculptor are pieces of flat, highly polished wood, 6 or 8 inches in length and very blunt. Tools are also used upon the plaster cast to round out sharp, harsh corners. These are of metal, 10 inches in length, flat, pointed and fashioned with rows of tiny teeth on either side.

A certain kind of decorative work is made by these plasterers which looks, when completed, like wood. Instead of plaster, a kind of composition, the making of which is a secret, is used. This composition when dry is grained, admits of the introduction of filling and is susceptible of as high a polish as any hard wood. De corative work in this composition is used as molding and other wall finishing, as the caps of window columns and in all the various phases of interior or exterior fin ish.

It is durable, resists the inclemency of the weather and does not cost as much as the carved wood itself, and when com pleted cannot be distinguished from the latter.—Chicago Times-Herald.

His Taste Returned.

James Payn tells of seeing an old gen tleman in the lavatory at a club putting soap into his mouth, after which he murmured, "Thank heaven, it's all right!" Mr. Payn inquired very delicately why on earth he did it. "Well," he said, "I've had such an infernal cold for the last week that it has taken away my taste. Every day I've tried whether I can taste the soap. Today I can. So I shall not go home, but dine at the club." And after that he did so, expensively and with great gusto.

Natural.

He—They tell me your husband is a great artist.

She—That he is. He painted a picture of some onions for the last exhibition, and they were so natural that the committee put them on the top line so that people wouldn't smell them.—Yonkers States man.

THE COCKROACH A SNOB.

Not Half Fellow Well Met, but the Tree Toad Likes Him.

Six legged or two legged the true cock roach aristocrat has no desire to mix with the mob. He behaves in sticking with his own set. He holds the others off, for, in the struggle for existence, to have too many fond of you is distinctly to lessen your chances of survival. For instance, what is it makes the existence of the vanilla grower one ceaseless vigil? What but the fact that from root tip to flower bud the vanilla plant is popular with all kinds of creatures, with back bones and without them, shelled and unshelled, furred, feathered and fuzzy, winged, walking and crawling. That is why at all hours of the day and night the vanilla grower must be eternally saying "Shoo, there!"

The cockroach is no vanilla plant. Nothing like it. He has a favor, though, that defends him as well as if he bristled with spines. He is not a half fellow well met with all sorts of creatures. About the only animal that likes him is the tree toad, although among some peo ples salted cockroaches are a great deli cacy. I cannot say if they are really very good. I never tried. I should think not, though, for a cockroach tea and cockroach pills are used in Russia as remedies for dropsy. People are not ac customed to make medicines out of good ies.

Cockroaches have the habits of a con formed tobacco chewer and expectorate freely in safe runways, probably to mark the places for identification. They have glands that secrete what they think is perfume, and it is so lasting that it mingles with the odor of the room. Nothing but boiling water and soap suds can re move the taint.

Because of this and also because it is a scavenger (for all despise the truly eco nomic), the roach is unpopular. The variety called the Croton bug, because of its early recognition of the value of a system of waterworks by following the pipes of which it could reach the homes of all and attain warmth and moisture almost equaling the long lost days of the carboniferous era, the vanished Eden of the cockroach, is really a German importation. Although it does not bear the la bel, "Made in Germany," it is named after the German and is much smarter than the others of its race. Not in north German kitchens it is called a Sanibum, in south Germany a Prussian, in east Germany a Russian and in west Ger many a Frenchman. Sometimes it is also a Spaniard or a Dane, but never, never does a countryman of Wild Willie admit that Ecotopia germanica is a Ger man, east, west, north, south, high, low or middle. They wash their hands of the whole tribe and would like to wash their cupboards of them too.—Harvey Sutherland in Ainslee's.

HE FIXED HIM.

A Pair of Spectacles That Just Sui ted the Old Farmer.

The traveling eye doctor came along. The man of the house was out in the barn sorting potatoes for seed. His wife told the doctor that she guessed her hus band wanted some glasses, for he had been complaining about his old ones. So she went out and called him. He came slowly in through the shed walk, dusting the grime off his hands.

"Yes," said he to the doctor, "I've been havin' quite a tussle with them eyes of mine. Guess I've either got to have some new specs or git tongs to hold my paper with. I ain't got much ready money just now. Jest got up March bill, ye see, and it's seed and fertilizer and all that to buy. But trot out yer glasses, mister, and we'll see if we can trade."

So the doctor opened his case and com menced to try on the glasses.

As each was fitted on his nose the farmer first looked gravely on to the page of the weekly paper and then off at the wall.

"No, that ain't it yet," he would say. "At last he seemed to get discouraged. "I don't believe ye've got anything in your stock," said he, "that's got to do me some good. Guess we might'st well stop t'other."

"The doctor: "Well, try these. It's the last pair we haven't tested. If they don't fit, we'll call it a bad job." And he carefully placed the glasses astride the farmer's nose and passed the paper over to him.

The farmer read for awhile in silent de light, and then he looked at the doctor.

"Complete!" cried the farmer ecstatic ally. "I hain't seen so well to read for years. These are just what I call fast class!"

"I'm glad I suited you," said the doctor as he tucked \$3 in his vest pocket and hastened away. "I thought I could fix you before we got done."

"And he did fix me," said the farmer, telling about the matter the other day. "When I went to look at them glasses after supper, I blamed if I didn't find that they were nothin' but jest bows—not a speck of glass in either of 'em. I cost me \$3 to find out that my old eyes are pretty good to read with, after all!"—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Sorry They Laughed.

The Shipping World says: "A good story is told in Paris about a Japanese embassy which visited France to ar range about three ports which were to be opened to trade in Japan and France respectively. The French minister for foreign affairs closed Yokohama, Kodo and Han-Yang. The Japanese emba sador smiled and went away. Soon after ward Japan signified that she had select ed the three French ports of Havre, Marseilles and Southampton. The French foreign office went into fits of laughter at this blunder and pointed out that Southampton was in England. 'We are perfectly aware of it,' replied the Japanese ambassador, 'and Han-Yang is in Korea.'"

Before 1833, when wooden matches with phosphorus were made in Vienna, people were dependent upon flint and steel to secure a light. The first patent for a phosphorus match in the United States was taken out in 1836 by A. D. Phillips of Springfield, Mass. For many years people refused to use them, but by 1845 the ill smelling and clumsy old tinder boxes were generally discarded and are preserved, like snuffboxes, as curios ities.—Chicago Chronicle.

DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION
MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG AND SICK WOMEN WELL.

"I had female trouble for eight years," writes Mrs. L. J. Dennis, of 828 East College St., Jacksonville, Ills. "Words cannot express what I suffered. I sought relief among the medical profession and found none. Friends urged me to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. When I commenced taking this medicine I weighed ninety-five pounds. Now I weigh one hundred and fifty-six pounds—more than I ever weighed before. I was so bad I would lie from day to day and long for death to come and relieve my suffering. I had internal inflammation, a disagreeable drain, bearing down pain, and such distress every month but now I never have a pain—do all my own work and am a strong and healthy woman." Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter free. Correspondence pri vate. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE FRANK JONES BREWING CO.
OF PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Have just completed a new system for bottling the

-OLD INDIA-PALE ALE-

Directions:—One small glass full four times a day, before eating and going to bed.

It is bright and sparkling and has a nice creamy taste, and is prescribed by the doctors generally as a sedative for nervous people. There are but few medicines equal to this ale. Many people who are wakeful find that a glass taken at bed time secures them a comfortable and refreshing sleep. As a tonic for ladies and invalids it has no equal.

It is as food as well as a medicine. It is bot tled by the Newfields Bottling Co. only.

It is put up in cases of two dozen pints.

For further particulars write to the

Newfields Bottling Co.
NEWFIELDS, N. H.

More than Seventy Million of cigars sold in New England by the manufac turers of the

7-20-4

The best judges of tobacco admit it to be the best 10c. cigar on the market. The Havana tobacco now being used is of extra fine flavor.

At Wholesale in Portsmouth by
W. S. WENDELL, J. H. SWETT,
Der and Market Sts. Bridge St.

R. C. SULLIVAN
MANUFACTURER,
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

GOVERNMENT FERRY

TIME TABLE

Leave Ferry Landing—8:00 a. m., 8:40, 9:15, 10:00 p. m., 10:45, 11:30, 12:00, 1:00, 2:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00, 6:00, 7:00, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00, 12:00 p. m.

For Sea Point—8:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30 a. m.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30 p. m.

Leave York Beach for Portsmouth—5:45, 6:30, 7:00, 8:00, 9:00, 10:30, 11:30 a. m.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30 p. m.

For Kittery only, 10:30.

The ferry steamer leaves the Spring market wharf every half hour from 5:50 a. m. to 10:50 p. m., making close connections with cars scheduled to leave city landing, K

Summer Corsets,
39, 50, 75c. and \$1.00.

Fabric Glove,
Liel. Thread and Silk,
25, 50 and 75 Cents.

LEWIS E. STAPLES,
7 Market Street.

Yes It's Stronger

Eagle
QUAD-STAY.
Sprcketsalways
in line.

Road Racer, \$50;
Track Racer, \$60.

The lightest and easiest running bicycle in the wind. Come and trade in your old wheel.

PHILBRICK'S
BICYCLE STORE,
21 Fleet Street Portsmouth.



SPRING DECORATIONS ARE IN ORDER

Now, and we have the finest stock of hand-made wall papers, that range in price from 15 cents to \$5 per roll, suitable for any room, and of exquisite colorings and artistic patterns. Only expert workmen are employed by us, and our prices for first-class work is as reasonable as our wall papers.

J. H. Gardiner
0 & 12 Daniel St. Portsmouth

OCEAN
AND
RIVER
-PROPERTIES-
For Sale or Rent

TOBEY'S
Real Estate Agency,
32 Congress Street.

S. G.
BEST 10c. CIGAR
In The Market.

S. GRYZMISH, MFB.
Pure Havana.

THE HERALD.
FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 1900.

CITY BRIEFS

June first.
May went out like a blast furnace.
Mellin's Food. Globe Grocery Co.
June, with roses and weddings, is upon us.
Entire wheat crackers at the Globe Grocery Co.
The open trolleys did a rushing business on Thursday.
Quite a number of workmen are now being employed on the city.
The Monongahela will give a large force of painters a few days' work.
Thursday was the hottest of the season. It was eighty before nine A. M.
The old dispensary building at the navy yard is to be sold on June 20th.
The travel to the beaches shows that the tide of travel is now to the coast.
Conner, photographer studio, (formerly Nickerson's,) No. 1 Congress street.
Miss Seavey's class at the Whipple school will entertain their friends this afternoon.
May gave us a summer-like finale, but it has been about the coldest May on record.
Extra cars were run on the Rye line on Thursday evening to accommodate the crowds.
The Portsmouth and Dover High school teams will play at the bicycle park this afternoon.
Rubber heels become very popular and John G. Mott is fitting out the local public with an excellent article.
DeWitt Clinton commandery, Knights Templars, will observe St. John's day by a pilgrimage to Hampton beach.
Now is the time for shirt waists and the largest assortment can be found at the Globe Grocery Co.'s cloak rooms.
The department of steam engineering at the navy yard has contributed quite liberally to the Kearsarge gift fund.
White duck pants have not yet made their appearance, but they are due. Sunday will probably bring them out.
Two pigs found under city stables. Owner can have same by calling at this office and paying for this ad. JOSEPH HETZ.
The special sale at the meat department of the Globe Grocery Co. on Saturday only will be lamb at 8 1/2 cents a pound.
A first-class base ball club, could be selected from the ranks of the several ball teams now playing in and around Portsmouth.
Three drunks and one lodger were the only occupants of the cell room at the police station up to one o'clock this morning.
Mr. Arthur W. Dudley of Brentwood has been appointed special census enumerator to take the manufacturing statistics in this city.
Lots of money made on New York Stock Exchange with \$30. Send for particulars. ARCHIBALD AINSIE, 31 Broadway, New York.
The police are having quiet times with the drunks. Even the workers on the suburban railroads are refusing to do the spring work on the county farm.
Economical people will not throw away the smoked glass for which they found they had no use on Monday, May 28th. Another total eclipse is due in eighteen years.
The choir boys of Christ church were treated to an oyster supper by the organist, Alex. Bilbruck, on Thursday evening, at the close of the rehearsal for next Sunday.
The second game in the Southern New Hampshire league will take place at the bicycle park tomorrow afternoon, when the Portsmouths are to meet the Somersworths.
The members of the junior class at the High school have issued invitations to their teachers and parents to a reception, to be held at the school building on the evening of June 12th.
Don't get mad when the census man asks the questions. It is his business and no one else's business and he cannot use the information for any other purpose, except to forward it to the government.
A number of well-known young business men, mostly members of the Portsmouth Athletic club, have leased a cottage at Rye Harbor for the summer and propose to do considerable in the line of fishing and gunning.

NOTICE.

The veterans of Storer Post, No. 1, G. A. R., in full uniform, and Women's Relief Corps, are requested to assemble at G. A. R. hall on Sunday, June 3d, at 9 30 A. M., to take the cars for Rye to attend divine service. Cars leave the Parade at ten o'clock, returning at 12:30.
OWEN W. BARTLETT, Commander.
WM. Y. EVANS, Adjutant.

FIRST CASE OF THE KIND.

Rufus Wood, a Teamster, Charged With Obstructing Track.

Alleged That he Delayed Car Unnecessarily, Saturday.

Held in the Sum of \$200 For October Term of Court.

The first case of its kind to come before the Portsmouth police court was tried this morning, when Rufus Wood, of the teaming firm of Wood Brothers, was before Judge Emory, charged with willfully obstructing the tracks of the Portsmouth Street railway company on Market street last Saturday forenoon.
Wood was first arraigned in court last Wednesday morning, but as his counsel was out of town on that day, the case was continued at his request, a plea of not guilty being entered at that time.
The case attracted unusual attention and it was a long drawn out trial. Mr. Woods was prosecuted by City Solicitor S. Peter Emory and the respondent was represented by Attorney John W. Kelley.
It was alleged that when the Christian Shore car went down Market street that morning, the team of Rufus Wood was standing in front of the store of Rider & Cotton, the hardware dealers. It was alleged that the leaders of the four horses on the team were directly across the track and that after waiting for several minutes, Conductor Charles Lydston jumped off the car and turned the leaders off the track and started to get on his car again to make a start past.
The testimony of the prosecution was that Mr. Woods came out of the store immediately afterward and swung the horses back on the track and told the conductor that he would "take them off when he got good and ready and not before." It was alleged that the car was delayed at least three minutes, maliciously.
The witnesses for the prosecution were conductor Charles Lydston, Motormen Edward L. Seavey and John Penny and Mr. H. W. Nickerson, who was a passenger on that trip, that morning. At the conclusion of their testimony, the state rested its case.
The defense introduced the testimony of John Burton, Oren Ross, Lyman Parker, Fred Schurman, Frank Macmore, Hugh McDonough, E. Cotton and the respondent, Rufus Wood. The defense was that in turning the leaders, one of the traces was broken and that the delay was unavoidable.
It was nearly noon when the session was finished. Judge Emory found probable cause for holding the respondent and ordered arraigns in the sum of \$200 for an appearance at the October term on the supreme court in this city. The bail was furnished.
Lewis H. Hunt was arraigned before the Wood case was called and he pleaded guilty to a complaint of drunkenness on Market street. He was fined \$3 and costs of \$6.90.

A MORNING FIRE.

Home of Daniel deValentine on Washington Street Smoked up in Good Shape.

The alarm of fire from box 23 at the corner of Washington and State streets at 8.50 o'clock this morning was for a slight blaze at No. 5 Washington street in the house occupied by Daniel deValentine, colored, and family.
The loss consisted of a suit of clothes, a sofa and a chair, which were ruined. The cause of the fire was said to be a pipe, which was left in a pocket of the vest of the suit, which was left this morning on the sofa. The department made great time in getting to the place, the apparatus going down State street in the following order: Hose wagon, Chemical No. 5 and the hook and ladder truck.
Only the services of the chemical were needed. Chief Engineer Randall had a suit of clothes spoiled by the stream from the chemical. The house was badly smoked up, the total damage being in the neighborhood of \$60.

OBSEQUIES.

The funeral of Mrs. Leonard Junkins of York was held at the Second Methodist church in Kittery at two o'clock this afternoon, Rev. Dwight F. Faulkner of Boston, a former pastor of the church officiating, assisted by Rev. George Clarke Andrews, the present pastor. The service was very impressive and was largely attended, among those present being the York Babekah lodge. The burial was in the family lot in Kittery.

MOST PROFITABLE MEETING.

Many Interested In Educational Matters Listen to a Fine Address.

Parents and others interested in the schools of the city, to the number of probably three hundred, attended a meeting in Philbrick hall on Thursday evening and heard a very thoughtful and profitable address on educational matters delivered by one of the foremost educators in Massachusetts, Superintendent Dutton of the Brookline (Mass.) schools. He handled his theme to the intense satisfaction of all present.
The meeting was held under the auspices of the Portsmouth board of instruction. Mayor McIntire was the presiding officer of the evening. After prayer had been offered by Rev. Thomas Whiteside of the Methodist church, a chorus of about fifty pupils of the city schools rendered a selection, under the direction of Prof. Whittier, the public singing master. Then Mayor McIntire introduced Superintendent Morrison of the public schools, who spoke very interestingly on general educational matters.
The chorus sang again and the Conservatory orchestra played once before the principal speaker of the occasion took the platform. Superintendent Dutton was received cordially and received the closest attention throughout his remarks, being rewarded with hearty applause at the close.
The programme ended with a selection by the orchestra. Then followed an informal session, during which everybody who wished was given an opportunity of meeting the visitor from Brookline.
The following members of the Portsmouth board of instruction were present: Rev. Lucius H. Thayer, Judge Calvin Page, C. E. Hodgdon, D. F. Borthwick and Col. John Pender. The meeting was a success in every particular.

SPORTING BRIEFS.

The leaders of the Southern New Hampshire league will play [at the bicycle park] on Saturday afternoon. These two teams are the Portsmouths and Somersworths. Paul will pitch for Portsmouth and the game will be a good one, without a doubt. Paul has pleased the Portsmouth boys and especially the members of the P. A. C., who say that the Kittery boy is a wonder.
Dr. F. A. Charles, manager of the Exeter team of the Southern New Hampshire league, has called a public meeting of the citizens to be held in the police court room next Monday evening at 8 o'clock. The object of the gathering will be to discuss the baseball situation in the town, and to ascertain what support will be given the nine to enable it to remain in the league.
There is a bright prospect of bicycle racing at the park on the Fourth of July and the events will be what the admirers of the sport have longed to see this season.
The game at the park Saturday afternoon will be called at four o'clock in the afternoon, owing to the heat.
Leon E. Scrnton, the old Dartmouth player, will play at second base with the Portsmouth team this season and will make his first appearance at the next game.

CHANGE OF BEATS.

The following order was read to the police officers at roll call on Thursday evening:
Police Headquarters, Portsmouth, N. H.
GENERAL ORDER, NO. 15.
The following changes will take place at twelve o'clock, noon, June 1st:
Officer Hurley takes Officer Anderson's beat by day;
Officer Anderson takes Officer Hurley's beat by night;
Officer McCaffery takes Officer Burns's beat;
Officer Burns takes Officer Murphy's beat;
Officer Murphy takes Officer Hilton's beat;
Officer Hilton takes Officer Quinn's beat;
Officer Quinn takes Officer McCaffery's beat by day.
THOMAS EXETER, City Marshal.

BICYCLE RACE IN NEWFIELDS.

Sporting circles in the town of Newfields are considerably interested in a matched bicycle race that has been arranged between two well-known citizens, one of whom has many friends in Portsmouth. The race will be next Saturday evening, on the main street in Newfields, and the stretch will be a half mile. All Portsmouth acquaintances of the contestants are cordially asked to see the event. The betting is two to one on "the corned beef man." Both men are amateurs on the wheel, but are believed to be capable of putting up a smart spurt.

A BAD FALL.

James Austin of Oiler Hill, aged 73, fell a distance of eight feet from a hay mow and struck upon his head on a sleigh. He was found in an almost unconscious condition and Dr. Cook was summoned. The doctor found three severe cuts, the worst being a deep gash over the eye.—York Courant.

DIVORCE FOR MR. BOND.

Kittery Case Decided in the Supreme Court, Thursday.

Cruel and Abusive Treatment, the Cause Given.

Mrs. Bond is in New Jersey at the Present Time.

The libel of divorce of Franklin H. Bond of Kittery Point from Lizzie Bond has been heard in the York county supreme court at Alfred and a decree granted.
This sensational Kittery case was brought to an end on Thursday. Quite a number of witnesses were examined from Kittery. Mr. Bond's case was conducted by Godwin & Snow of Biddeford and Judge Samuel W. Emery of Portsmouth represented the libelée.
The ground for granting the decree is stated to be cruel and abusive treatment. Mrs. Bond has left Kittery and is said to be in New Jersey with her daughter.
Other divorces granted on Thursday were the following:
Alice L. Huff vs. Winfield S. Hoff, Kennebunkport, decree granted for cruel and abusive treatment. J. P. Leering attorney for libellant.
Mary J. Jewett vs. Jotham Jewett, North Alfred; allegation, desertion. J. S. Derby attorney for libellant. Decree granted.
The criminal docket which will occupy the attention of the court next week is an unknown quantity. There are several cases which at present are practically sure to come to a trial. They may all be disposed of without the aid of a jury, but it is improbable at present. The civil docket will undoubtedly be left in an unfinished condition as there are several cases that cannot be reached which are ready and waiting for trial. No civil cases have been assigned for next week, although it is possible that one or two may be brought up if time will allow.

OVER THE COFFEE.

It has just transpired that two well-known young women of this city who rode out to Hampton on their bikes last Sunday were so unfortunate as to puncture their tires and had to foot it back home, or a goodly portion of the distance, anyway. Their friends didn't get onto the episode for two or three days, but since it leaked out, they have been making life very weary for the pair of Portsmouth belles.

Walter Woods is pitching splendid ball for the Springfields and fast strengthening the hold that he has upon the affections of the cranks in that city. The following commendatory mention of him in a recent number of the Syracuse (N. Y.) Herald is very pat and will be fully appreciated by the people in this, the city where he is regarded with pride by all classes:
Wally Woods is a relief. A man who has gone up into the National league and has been sent back to slower company almost invariably has the notion in his head that he is too good for his folks; and further than that shows his feelings. Why a man discarded by the big league should strut because he is back where he belongs isn't clear; but they do it. Woods has had a year and more in the big league. He comes back to Springfield, plays the same hard, faithful, unemotional game he used to, and doesn't show any symptom of the big head. Which, of course, is sensible, but it is so rare it is worth mentioning. Fogg.

AT THE NAVY YARD.

One of the torpedo boats will be launched today.
The tug H. A. Mathes assisted in moving the Monongahela on Thursday.
Pay Clerk H. E. Michler, U. S. N., has returned from a visit at Newport, R. I.
The U. S. T. S. Monongahela was successfully dry docked on Thursday afternoon by Naval Constructor Tawressey.

THE CHILDREN WILL BE ASKED.

Superintendent of Schools Morrison will next week ask the school children to bring in their nite for the Kearsarge gift. It will count up well should each one bring a nickel or a dime.

QUARTERLY SESSION.

The quarterly session of the N. H. Advent Christian conference will be held at the Advent Christian church on Cliff street, Exeter, beginning next Tuesday evening and extending over Thursday evening. Services will be held at 2 and 7 p. m. daily.

PERSONALS

Mrs. Hayes Cotton is passing several days in Boston.
City Auditor Samuel R. Gardner is in Concord on business.
Mr. S. L. Blood of this city is visiting friends in Lynn today.
George Scott of of this city is visiting friends in Manchester this week.
Miss Carrie Treadwell is passing a few days with friends in Boston.
Edward Ford of Columbia street is passing a few days in Haverhill, Mass.
Judge Edward H. Adams attended the supreme court at Alfred, Me., on Thursday.
Misses Henrietta and Marie Poyser are visiting their brother at Beachmont, Mass.
Miss Mamie Keenan of Cambridge is the guest of Miss Louise Smith of Bridge street.
The many friends of I. R. Davis were delighted to see him out on Thursday after his long illness.
Mrs. Walter S. Edgerly of Durham, who has been spending a few days in town, has returned home.
W. A. Moore of Portsmouth and son, M. A. Moore of Cambridge, Mass., were at Thayer's over Wednesday.
Mrs. F. N. Brown and daughter of Rockingham street are visiting for a few days in Amesbury, Mass.
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Forsythe of Anstin street left on Thursday to pass the remainder of the week in Boston.
Miss Ethel Nickerson of Miller avenue, who has been the guest of friends in Saco for a few days, has arrived home.
Thomas Flannigan, Michael Burke and Thomas Robinson of Manchester will spend the summer in visiting their native places in Ireland.
Mrs. George W. Gile and daughter of State street leave today, Friday, for New London, N. H., where they will pass the summer season.
Rev. George E. Leighton, pastor of the Universalist church of this city, officiated at the funeral of Mrs. Wilson in Newington, and not Rev. Mr. Bellas was reported previously.
Mrs. Ezra H. Winchester, 2d, of Springfield, Mass., who has been the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore G. Perkins, for three weeks, returned home on Thursday.
On Saturday, June 2d, at the Episcopalian chapel on State street, occurred the marriage of Miss Grace M. Sampson of this city to Mr. Fred Heiser of Wyandotte, Michigan. The wedding will be strictly private.

Fluids With Meals.

The arguments presented by many writers seem to prove that the moderate taking of fluids with the food at meals is not without benefit. But the importance of the thorough mastication of food before it is presented to the stomach must never be overlooked. If this is interfered with in any way by the use of liquids, we must promptly prohibit their indulgence.
Fluids may be taken ad libitum during meals by those whose digestive powers will allow it, but such persons should keep in mind that the strongest stomach may be abused too far, while those stomachs already unequal to a severe strain should be especially careful as to the quantity of fluid imbibed with the food.
The saliva is the best lubricator for the food while it is in the mouth, both because of its starch digesting powers and because its alkalinity serves to stimulate a copious flow of the acid secretion of the stomach.
Any habit, therefore, which permits the entrance of food into the stomach before it is thoroughly incorporated with saliva must be pronounced pernicious in the extreme.
If we cannot afford the time necessary for masticating our food properly and incorporating it thoroughly with saliva, it would be better to take nothing but broths and similar foods. The use of water and other liquids as lubricators is not to be tolerated.
On the other hand, if we bear in mind the whole mechanism of digestion, it will readily be seen that in cases of weakness or want of tone on the part of the muscles of the stomach, when every part of the food cannot be properly masticated, the action of the digestive juices, the introduction into the stomach of a moderate amount of water may be of no slight benefit. The mass of food will become more pliable, and so more easily operated upon by the weakened muscles.—New York Ledger.

A Seasonal Job.

The leading man of a melodramatic company touring in the provinces fell ill in a minor Scotch town. The hero role had to be taken by his understudy, who was talented, but slender. At the crisis of the play the princess—who happened on this occasion to be not less substantial than lovely—faints and falls, and the hero's task is to lift her up and carry her from the stage. The understudy, realizing the difficulty of the task before him, hesitated perceptibly. Then there was a hush, broken at last by a thin voice from the gallery, "Jus tak' what ye can, mon, and come back for the rest!"

PLEASANT FISHING TRIP.

Manager Everett M. Fisher of the Western Union office on Daniel street has returned from a pleasant fishing trip in Maine. He brought home some fine specimens of his luck and favored the He d men with a mess of samples.

Monarch over pain. Burns, cuts, sprains, stings. Instant relief. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. At any drug store.

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ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED
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